CHICAGO

CHRISTIAN

HIGH

CHI-CRI-HI

# Chicago Christian High School

ANNUAL

# CHI-CRI-HI

PUBLISHED BY

THE SENIOR CLASS

1923-1924

Photo by Dodge.

Chicago Christian High School Building, 69th and May Streets.
Inset Mr. L. Dykema, Custodian.

# FOREWORD

The student body, by means of this Annual, makes an effort to portray the activities of the Chicago Christian High School during the school year 1923 to 1924.

We publish this Annual to do our share for arousing interest in that cause which is very dear to us all, Christian Education.

EDITOR.

# CONTENTS


DEDICATION
STAFF
FACULTY
GRADUATES
JUNIORS
SOPHOMORES
FRESHMEN
CLUBS
ALUMNI
ATHLETICS
LITERATURE
WIT AND HUMOR


# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS


The staff wishes to thank our faithful artists, Henry Van Hattem and John Moll.

To the faculty the staff is indebted for the advice which has made this Annual what it is.

The student body has made this Annual possible by having given it an unprecedented circulation.

# IN MEMORIAM

On March 27, 1924, the cause of Christian education in our country, and especially the cause of the Chicago Christian High School, lost a strong supporter in the death of Mr. James De Boer.

Yes, Mr. De Boer was a faithful supporter of the high school. But he was more than that; he was her leader, her captain.

Being first in laboring for the cause of Christian secondary education in these parts, he has been first in the organization which has supported the school these past six years. And no cause had a stronger advocate; no organization, a more able president.

Mr. De Boer was a man of "indomitable courage in difficulty", a man who had a "habit of facing life with breast forward". He was a plain man, one who performed his task without display, one who served our institution without attracting attention to himself.

We as a school owe much to Mr. De Boer. But though we cannot pay the debt we owe, we can with the help of God be true to the principles which motivated the self-sacrificing services which he rendered in behalf of our institution.

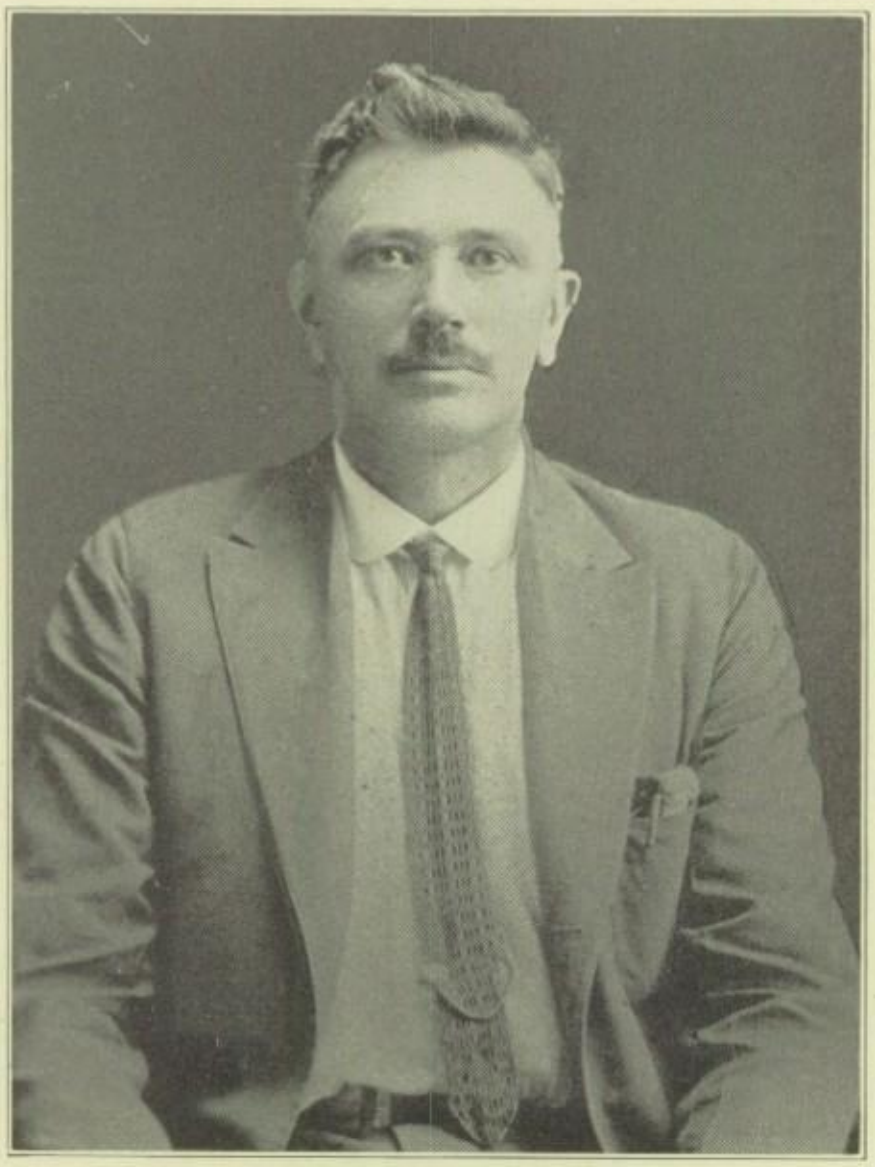
As a school we would make the following statements of Mr. De Boer our own:

> "The prayer: 'Not my will but THINE, be done!' or 'What wilt thou have me to do?' must be the foundation-stone upon which all of our life is built. The conviction must be deeply rooted in our soul that our work has been not to please ourselves—rather to deny ourselves—but to please our King, whose we are, whom we serve. So that the question for us is not: 'How much pleasure is in it for me?' but 'Am I faithful?' 'Do I perform my duty?'"

And as graduates of the Chicago Christian High School, we would pledge to live out an affirmative answer to the following questions penned by Mr. De Boer himself:

> "Shall we, his soldiers, fight? Shall we fight for His dominion also in our educational institutions? Shall we fight for that, regardless of obstacles, and are we willing ourselves to perish in that fight? For the dominion of the King?"

N.B.—The above quotation has been taken from an address which was written by Mr. James De Boer and read at a meeting shortly before his death



TO

MR. JAMES DE BOER

Late President of the Chicago Christian High School Association, do we, the Class of 1924, respectfully dedicate this, our Annual.

# RESOLUTIONS

WHEREAS: It has pleased our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom to take from us the President of our School Board, Mr. James De Boer, who for many years has guided our school and its policies, and

WHEREAS: His loss is keenly felt by our faculty and student body in whose interest he was laboring, and

WHEREAS: We wish to express our deep and heart-felt sympathy to the stricken family, consoling them as well as ourselves with the conforting thought that while Mr. De Boer served our institution with exceptional wisdom, God with equal and greater wisdom relieved him of this service and took him unto Himself, be it

RESOLVED: That we send a copy of these resolutions to the bereaved family; that they be spread upon the minutes; and that a copy of same be forwarded to the Christian School Magazine, and the church papers for publication, and taken up in our forth-coming school annual.

In behalf of the students and faculty of the Chicago Christian High School.

MARK FAKKEMA
Principal

April 1, 1924.

CLAUDE SMITTER
Secretary of Faculty

# SCHOOL

(A parody on Edgar Guest's poem "Home".)

School ain't a place that can be built or got up in a minute,
Afore it's school, there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it,
Within the walls there's lots of Freshies got t' come, and then,
Right there they got t' start practisin' bein' good women and men;
And gradjerly as time goes on, ye find ye wouldn't part
With any of her teachers or friends—they've grown into yer heart;
The worn-out (?) books, the playthings, too, the notes in your locker stored,
Ye hoard, an', if ye could ye'd keep the chalk marks on the board.

Ye've got t' weep an' make it school, ye've got t' sit and sigh,
And study late into the night an' know that flunkin's nigh;
And in the stillness o' the night t' see "C's" loom,
And worry about the final exams that may prove t' be your doom,
For these are scenes that grip yer heart, and when the exams are past,
Ye find the school is dearer than it was, for yer a Senior at last;
An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleasant memories
O' by-gone days and tests and pranks—ye can't escape from these.

Ye've got t' go t' school four years, ye've got t' study and play,
An' learn t' use the things ye know by reciting in class each day;
An' the friendships that are formed here must blossom year by year
Afore they 'come a part o' ye suggestin' all that's dear,
An' after ye have left for good, ye wish ye could return
And start again to study things ye used t' hate t' learn.
Ye've got t' love each teacher, book, each study and each rule,
It takes a heap o' livin' in a place t' make it school.

JERALI

Photo by Dodge.

*Standing:* Henry Postema, Richard De Vries, Ben De Boer, Jacob Van Bruggen, Henry Hoeksema, Bernard Hamstra.
*Seated:* Ida Kingma, Jennie Ball, Henrietta Kramer, Alice Van Hattem.

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MR. SIETSEMA . . . . . *Clubs*
MR. SMITTER . . . . . *Business*

# SPRING TIME OF LIFE

Of all the seasons of the year, Spring is the most beautiful and cheerful. The mild air which comes stealing from the West breathes the breath of life into nature, causing every bud and flower to burst out into fragrance and beauty. It is the time when the birds come and enjoy the balmy and inspiring spring weather. The lovers of nature enjoy their melodious songs and graceful manners, changing many a sorrowful heart into a happy one. The silvery rays of the warm sun are as rays of joy and love shining into the souls of men, healing the broken hearted and comforting the distressed. The season of spring has derived its name from the fact that every living thing springs up, and flora and fauna develop their most inspiring forms.

There is also a spring time in man's life. It is from the time when his reasoning powers awaken, until he enters upon his vocation; or let me express it in another way: "The Golden Age of School Time." Thus we may say that the school age is the beautiful and inspiring spring time of life. At what time is ambition and interest shown forth more vividly than at school age? The world is startled at the ambitious attempts of hopeful youth. It is, also, the age when innocence exerts its power over all the evils about it, when it knows of no sorrow or weariness, but is cheered and charmed by the joys and beauties of life. It is the age when all sorts of ideas strike root, spring up and flourish.

All of life depends upon the spring. If seed is planted in poor soil, and lacks proper sun light, the outcome will be a total failure. But if, on the contrary, seed is sown in rich soil, and where the sun sends forth its bright rays of light, the result will be good—the harvest will be abundant.

It is very notable that the fruits of a plant depend upon the condition in which it grows. The fruits shall be determined by the quality of these conditions. Likewise, if we as the seed of God's vineyard are planted in an educational realm where the atmosphere is filthy and vulgar, and where no true light exists, the results will be correspondingly poor. But if we are planted in an educational institution where the fundamentals are rich and sound, and in an environment which is lofty and wholesome, we, with God's blessing ,will grow up as strong, healthy plants in the vineyard of our Lord, free from the overpowering influences of the weeds of this world, supplied with the ability to oppose them.

From this fact it is also obvious that our moral life depends upon our early environment. For instance, if a child is sent to an institution where no Christian ideas are taught and the instruction is shot through with modernism, the child will be caught up in the spirit of these ideas. But if the child is educated in a Christian institution where the spirit of Christianity pervades the atmosphere, the child will be taken up into its bosom and will be actuated by motives correspondingly Christian.

True, the spring time of life is the most important period in life. As one asks the question, "What is life without spring?" He cries out, "Oh, nature! What a blessing spring is to us!" And, further contemplating upon the importance the spring time of life, one cries out: "Oh, God! What a joy that we may have an institution in which we may spend the spring of our life; where the fundamentals of morals and Christian living are imparted as the prelude to a glorious future."

And one concludes:

"He who plants a tree,
Plants a hope;
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope,
Leaves unfold unto horizon free:
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime."

JACK ZANDSTRA

FACULTY

Claude Smitter

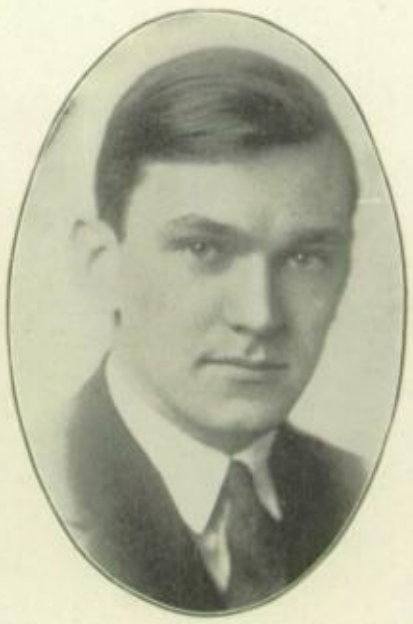
Adriana G. Hammekool

Jacob W. Sietsema

Mark Fakkema

Henry D. Holkeboer

Henry A. Swets



John De Boer

Dear Graduates:

You ask for a parting message with which to remember your principal?

Here is it:

As you leave your school moorings, as you launch upon the sea of life—whether you are to encounter the storms of life's difficulties or to bask in the sunshine of life's comforts—may the reproachful words of Isaiah (47:10) never be applicable to any of you:

"Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, it hath perverted thee; and thou hast said in thine heart, I am, and none else beside me."

On the contrary, be true to the Christian teaching which you have received in the home, which has been confirmed in the elementary school, and which has been broadened and deepened in the Chicago Christian High School.—The gist of which is expressed in the well-known texts of Romans:

"None of us liveth to himself"

"For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever."

These truths have been imparted to you; may your life impart them to others.

M. Fakkema

Dear Friends:

You, as graduates, have completed your high school career and are now to pursue various activities in a new realm. With you, I also am leaving the portals of the C. C. H. S. and as I look back upon the years past when we have pioneered together to make our school a success, the words of one of our authors comes as a consolation:

"I've comforted here and I've succored there,
I've faced my foes, and I've backed my friends
I've blundered, and sometimes made amends,
I have prayed for light, and I've known despair.
Now I look before, as I look behind,
Come storm, come shine, whatever befall,
With a grateful heart and a constant mind."
For I am ready, new tasks to begin.

May God's richest blessings be your portion in whatever course in life you may follow. We earnestly hope that our mutual fellowship and constancy of purpose may be of value in later life. Strive to do what is right.

Sincerely,

C. Smitter

Let me do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk, or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,

"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way;
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my power;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best."

*Henry Van Dyke*

ADRIANA G. HAMMEKOOL

DEAR FRIENDS:

Much as I would, I cannot phrase, either in poetry, or in prose, the hopes I entertain for you, as well as did our beloved Longfellow in "The Builders" from which I make bold to extract these few stanzas:

"In the elder days of Art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work so well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where God may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place."

Sincerely,

J. W. SIETSEMA

There is, I believe, innate in the soul of every human being a secret longing to be successful. And the strength and persistence of this longing is the spur that drives each one in the race of life. But what is success? It seems to me that success comes from a true sense of the values of things. It is characterized by an indomitable, conquering spirit, which never quits even in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties, that same spirit of which Browning sings:

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks.—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but I would not sink in the scale."

This book is dedicated to a successful man, Mr. James De Boer. To be said to have been successful, in the true meaning of success, is one of the greatest tributes that can be given to a man. Henry Van Dyke sums up the whole matter in just a few lines of verse, which I desire to quote:

"Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly,
To love his fellow man sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely."

HENRY D. HOLKEBOER

To the Class of '24:

Perhaps it was its very simplicity, perhaps it was the few letters printed in bright red, which here and there had found a place among its letters of sabre hue, perhaps it was the fact that my mother was wont to gaze at and meditate upon it as it hung on the wall in a frame that was already crumbling,—perhaps it was the pleading of the poem itself that first impressed me. Whatever its first charm may have been, the little poem has now completely captivated me, and often I have been able to "forget that I bore the burden" in accordance with its prescription. Thus I would like to pass it on. The path of you graduates will not always be rosy. You will meet with little trials and vexations as you go along. And yet you need not despair for you can leave your load of care right at the feet of

## OUR BURDEN BEARER

"The little sharp vexations
And the briars that catch and fret,
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?
Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose
When we scarce know what to do.
Then leaving all our weakness
With the one divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song."

—Phillips Brooks.

Henry A. Swets.

## EPILOGUE TO ASOLANDO

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's worktime
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive! cry "Speed! Fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

As you go forth from the halls of this institution, may you return often to the great field of literature not only for a respite from the struggles of life, but also for the purpose of unshackling yourselves from the bonds of prejudice and tradition and keeping your minds unclouded and free from the repressive forces that bind the powers of inner compulsion.

John De Boer.

The Chicago Christian High School loses two very able instructors; the student body two staunch friends, in

Mr. Claude Smitter
1919-1924

and

Mr. Henry D. Holkeboer
1922-1924

## CLASS HONORS

| | |
|---|---|
| Henry Hoeksema | *Valedictorian* |
| Etta Bultema | *Historian, General* |
| Anna Karsen | *Historian, Commercial* |
| Alice Van Hattem | *Prophet, General* |
| Christine Kramer | *Prophet, Commercial* |

## CLASS OFFICERS

| | |
|---|---|
| Jack Van Bruggen | *President* |
| Ida Kingma | *Vice-President* |
| Jennie Ball | *Secretary* |
| Christine Dryfhout | *Treasurer* |
| Bernard Hamstra | *Vicar* |

## CLASS COLORS

*Violet and Maize*

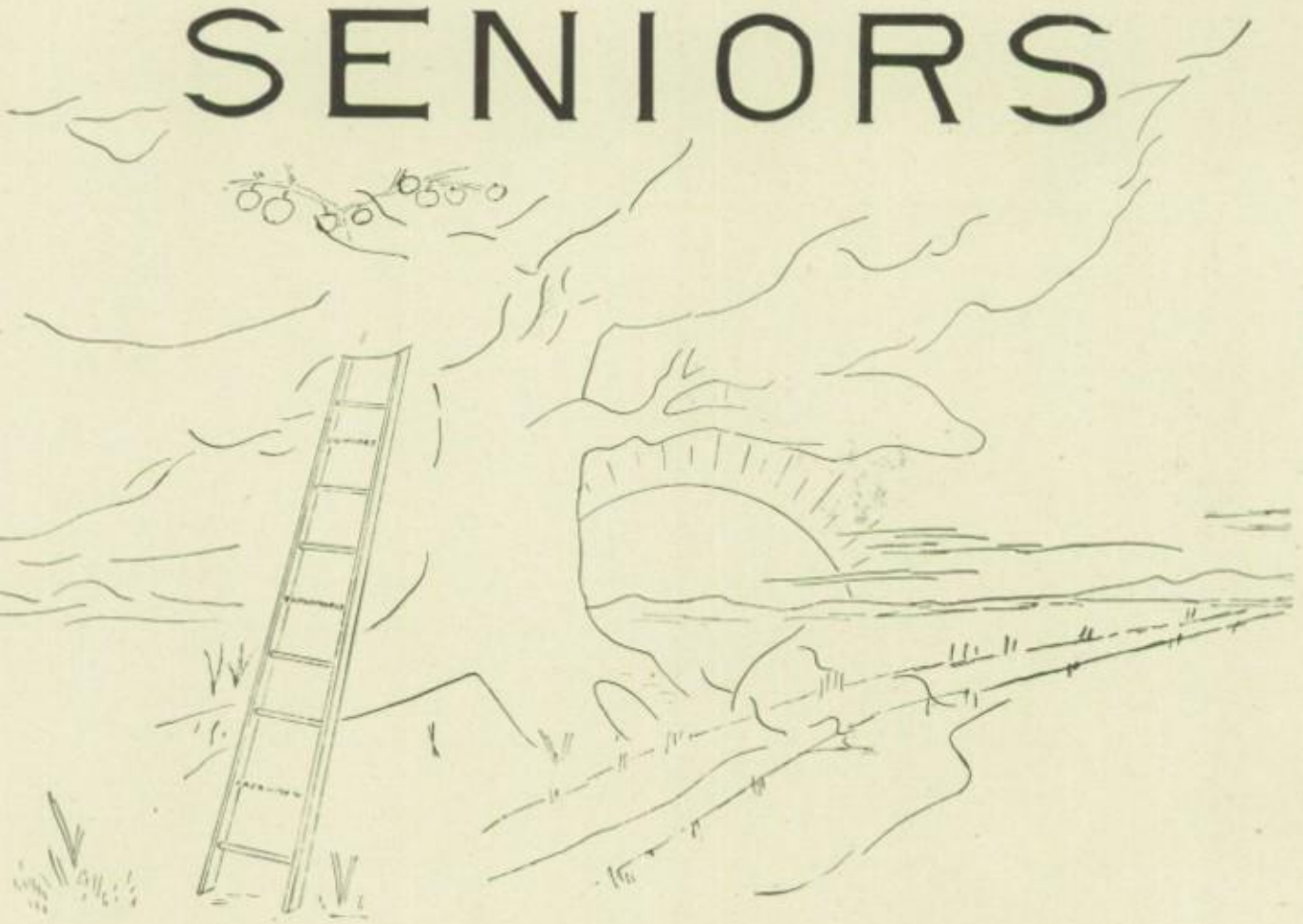
## CLASS FLOWER

*Rose Bud*

## CLASS MOTTO

*Let deeds prove.*

# SENIORS



# GENERAL GRADUATES

BALL, JENNIE
"Jen"

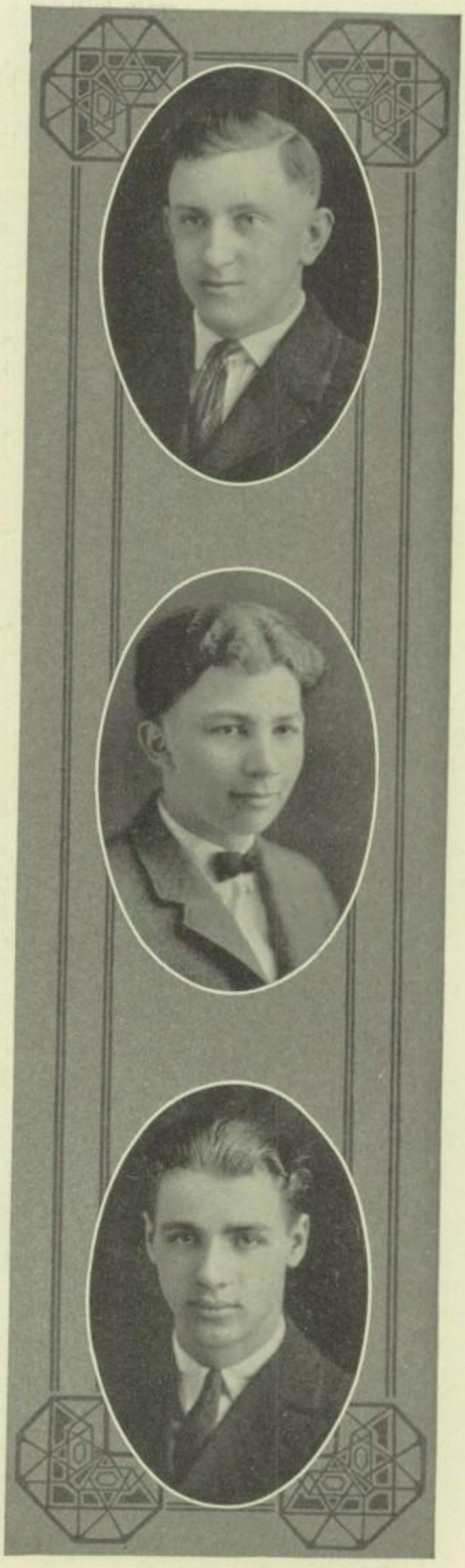
J oyous smile, blue
E yes, rosy cheeks
N ature's own; everything
N eeded for popularity
I ncluding a very
E ngaging personality.

BULTEMA, ANNA

A mbitious, though quiet,
N ever idle; will
N ot fail to
A chieve success.

BULTEMA, ETTA

E ver ready
T o help others and
T rying her best
A lways.



De Boer, Ben
"Boerkie"

B usiness-like and bright, an
E arnest worker;
N ever blushes (*?*).

Hamstra, Bernard
"Bernie"

B asket Ball star, and
E qually
R enowned as a good
N atured "kid".
A t all times
R eady to
D o his part.

Hoeksema, Henry
"Henk"

H ard worker, one who
E xcels in all. Has a
N oble character; a
R are and brilliant
Y oung man.

KRAMER, HENRIETTA
"Chick"

H onest and
E nergetic;
N ever noisy,
R ather shy;
I ntends to use her
E ducation in the
T eaching profession;
T rue to
A ll her friends.

TER MAAT, JOHN
"Jawnamawt"

J ust a young man
O f six feet in
H eight and the wisdom
N eeded to balance it.

VAN BRUGGEN, JACK

J olly and an
A ctive worker; a
C lose friend when you
K now him well.

VAN HATTEM, ALICE
"Lolly"

A ttractive, sweet,
L ively lass;
I ndustrious and
C lever; and an
E xcellent musician.

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare——.

"I would be friend to all; the foe, the friendless—
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and love, and laugh, and lift——."

# HISTORY OF THE GENERAL SENIORS OF 1924

Our general class originally consisted of twenty-four members; namely:

John Moll, Jacob De Boer, Martin Hoekstra, Ida Ostema, Henrietta Kramer, Henry Hoeksema, Andrew De Boer, Jacob Ter Maat, Herman Niefoff, Arie Doornbos, Dena Punt, Bartel Zandstra, Marie Torrenga, Henry Pluymert, Aldrich Evenhuis, Herman Renkema, Lenus Belgrave, John Jellema, Robert Weidenaar, Martin Bennema, Crince Siegers, Ben De Boer, Kate Siegers, George Stob.

The class of February was very small consisting of three members, Alice Van Hattem, Bernard Hamstra, and Jennie Ball; so it was combined with our class. Alice has already graduated in February.

Our class spent its first year in the building on the corner of 72nd and Loomis Streets.

During the second year, we moved to our present location and our class was increased by the enrollment of Anna and Etta Bultema.

But by this time, our class was no longer as large as it had been; it gradually dwindled to a very small class and at the close of the third year the following were left, who hope to graduate in June: Jennie Ball, Anna Bultema, Etta Bultema, Ben De Boer, Bernard Hamstra, Henry Hoeksema, Henrietta Kramer, John Ter Maat, and Jacob Van Bruggen.

Looking beyond June we see some of our fellow students entering college, some going into the great business world, and some entering the teachers' profession.

We hope that in whatever vocation we may find them, they will be true to their motto, "Let Deeds Prove".

ETTA BULTEMA, Class Historian.

# CLASS PROPHECY OF THE GENERALS

It was in the Spring of 1934 when I finally persuaded Mrs. Dearquest (formerly Jennie Ball) to leave her husband for a few months and accompany me on a trip to Europe. She suggested that we sail to Africa and take a glimpse at the Sahara, then travel through Europe according to my plans.

So, three weeks later, after a most delightful voyage, we landed at Morocco, where without much trouble, we found a suitable hotel. After resting a few hours, we hired a pair of camels and rode slowly along the desert plain. Suddenly, our conversation was interrupted by a jerk from my camel which set me very graciously upon the hot sand. Upon investigation, we found that the camel's ankle was sprained. The sun was setting, warning us to return, when suddenly a camel came into sight, to our great relief. Its rider, perceiving that we were in trouble, came to our aid. Fortunately, he was a veterinarian and soon enabled the animal to travel quite smoothly. It was now dusk; and as we returned to the hotel, our slow journey was made pleasant by the humor of our new friend. The fluency with which he spoke English surprised us. I also noticed something strangely familiar in his voice which prompted me to ask his name. To our great astonishment he replied, "John Ter Maat". He was equally taken aback at the revelation of our identity. During the many chats in the days that followed, we learned that John had grown tired of city life and that he had come to the desert to enjoy peace and to increase his wisdom by the study of astronomy.

Much as we would have liked to remain here a while with John as our host, a week was almost spent and we must travel on. Two days later, we found ourselves on a pretty street in Paris. As we had decided to inquire for a good hotel instead of searching for one, I used my unpolished French to address a fashionable lady. She very kindly accompanied us to the hotel at which she was staying, informing us that her errand had been to study fashions and make purchases for her little shop in Detroit; while her sister took up foreign languages for these few weeks. They were to return the following week. As I gave my name at the registering office, our companion gasped. Upon recovering her breath, she exclaimed, "Why—I'm Etta Bultema". It was our turn to be amazed. An excited conversation ensued and before we realized it, six o'clock had come. Anna appeared at 6:15 and a most enjoyable evening followed. Jennie and I altered our plans and decided to return home with the "Bultema Sisters".

About a week after this, we boarded the Rotterdam. It was noon and as we entered the dining room, we received a passenger list. Almost instantly, Anna pointed excitedly to the first page where we read "Captain Jack Van Bruggen". "It can't be Jack—it must be another Van Bruggen," we argued. But just then, many of our fellow-passengers rose and bowed respectfully as a distinguished looking gentleman in uniform smilingly passed through the room. We all knew him to be the captain. "It is Jack," remarked Jennie. In spite of our repeated efforts to visit Captain Van Bruggen, we reached New York before having the opportunity. We left the steamer, feeling quite sad, and after our luggage had been examined, we took a taxi to the Woodstock Hotel. As we were about to enter, a beautiful blue Nash drove up before the building. An aristocratic young man emerged and followed us into the hotel. We heard him addressed as Mr. Hamstra, and the familiarity of that name made us feel quite flustered. Curiosity got the best of us and while registering, Etta asked if a Mr. Hamstra was an inmate of the hotel. The answer was, "Mr. Bernard Hamstra owns this hotel." Our exclamations brought an amused smile to the clerk's lips and he promised to arrange an interview between the "millionaire" and ourselves. Thru the clerk, we were invited to Mr. Hamstra's residence the following afternoon. Accepting the invitation, we arrived quite early and were welcomed to the marvelous dwelling by Bernie himself. As it was a lovely day, we decided to spend a few hours outdoors. Then Bernie began his story—how Droste's Cocoa and Frow-Frow were the cause of his wealth—how he had remained unmarried and lived with his father and mother instead.

When we discussed our absent classmates, Bernie told of a letter he had recently received from Henry Hoeksema, who had become president of the University of Chicago. This welcome news did not surprise us greatly, as we had always expected Henry to be one of the world's best men. We learned also that Henrietta Kramer had taught at the University of Chicago for three years and had now married a famous minister, pastor in Portland, Oregon.

We soon left Mr. Hamstra to continue his luxurious life of good work, and left for our respective homes. When I arrived at Chicago, alone, I received a hearty welcome. I soon learned that the new C. C. H. S. building had been completed; and it was the pride of the city, perfect in every detail. How could it be otherwise when Mr. Ben De Boer had been its architect?

The student body, consisting of 800, with a staff of forty teachers, were to occupy the new building within the next two weeks. They would then resume their work, free from the hindrances which formerly had retarded their progress.

ALICE VAN HATTEM.

# VIOLET AND MAIZE

This combination of colors may suggest very little if anything to most of you here present, but to the student body of the Chicago Christian High School it has acquired an added meaning, a deeper implication than a mere association of colors. You probably think green should be included? Probably, but the only vision we graduates have of green is a very dim one, of Freshman reception night of 1920. You say red? We're progressive, but even if we were located in Wisconsin we would not include red.

These colors, through the meaning which has attached itself to them, determine our attitude toward life which in a great measure is formed at this stage of our lives. There are great forces operating in this modern life toward which, though unconsciously, we form our attitudes.

The American nation during the last few decades has made tremendous intellectual advances. Universities, colleges, and high schools are filled to capacity. Full courses of a highly specialized nature are offered everywhere.

All knowledge and thought are being made sciences, are taught scientifically, and made practical use of in the same manner. Fire prevention courses, natural resource conservation, home economics, and many other courses are offered. Social and political sciences are stressed in universities today. All these evidences point to the intellectual advances of modern life. Sad to say, the moral advancement has failed to keep pace with the intellectual.

A murderer may kill someone with a knife, while the surgeon aids in the saving of life and with divine help restores from apparent death to life. Both could handle the knife, but what strikingly different uses each one made of it. The intellectual faculties were brought to play in both these actions, yet the moral purpose of the latter was entirely lacking in the former. Again, what do we see about us every day? Wonderfully educated men, potentially the most useful men of the country, selling their prestige, sense of honor, and morals for a mess of pottage. It is not generally the uneducated man who most frequently transgresses the law, but the educated rogue who lacks moral stamina.

Idealism in the business man has largely been replaced by an intense realism and utilitarianism. The status of present day morality is far below that of the intellectual life and the uneven advance of both causes the lawlessness and general discontent which is so prevalent today.

Widespread wretchedness and wickedness have caused man to realize that only divine aid can bring him to normalcy. Men have turned to art to find something which they haven't found as yet. Men work feverishly thinking that in toil they can find that mysterious something; they have traveled; have studied; have searched for ancient treasures; have done everything to find God.

Toward these forces, intellectual advance, moral inertia, and seeking after God, the Chicago Christian High School graduate should have determined attitudes. You simply must avail yourself of the opportunities offered you, whatever line you are particularly interested in, and do not restrict your field. Most of the sciences are in their infancy and only a systematic study will keep one abreast of the scientific times in this country. The political field offers opportunities; in the community; in the city; in the nation. Enter into this field; it is your patriotic duty. Spend your leisure hours in the company of good books; keep your senses alert to see and hear things; get acquainted with the great men of all times.

Today men demand that they be shown by example of conduct, and this does more good than incessant teaching and preaching. Prove the efficacy of sound morality in your own life and the exigency of clean, high living will force itself upon the minds of others.

Politics today needs men of good sound morality. The voting populace despairs of the graft and crime which crop out in political "deals" as they are called.

It is the duty of the Chicago Christian High School graduate to help keep the moral status of the country at a par with the intellectual.

"Those that seek God shall surely find Him" is the promise. A wholesome, religious view of life offers the only respite from the heated life of today. And now that we graduates are about to enter upon the complexities of life, we desire to express our sentiments toward them.

We cannot but confess a twinge of sorrow when we leave the Chicago Christian High School, with its life of work and play. Yet we hope to keep in touch with it from time to time. It is our earnest hope that the Chicago Christian High School may continue to be a bulwark of good sound Christian morality in this city.

HENRY HOEKSEMA.

TEACHERS, PARENTS, RELATIVES, FRIENDS:

As president of the combined Commercial and General class of 1924, I have the great opportunity and honor to speak a few words to you this evening.

This honor that is bestowed on me is indeed a great honor as this class has worked and studied under the guidance of our school's largest faculty, now numbering seven. We have had the advantage of seeing our school grow from a number of approximately fifty students, who came from all parts of the city and suburbs, to its present large number, reaching almost 120.

This graduating class, in whose honor you have gathered here this evening, is the product of the untiring and ever-faithful faculty who through our whole school course have been a shining light in our path, and have always taught us that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge".

To this faculty we are indebted to a large extent for help and advice in the completion of the hard tasks which have come up during our school days.

From two to four years most of us have been with our school. We have all taken part in the good times at our C. C. H. S.; but have also had to fight for this institution through thick and thin. The great advantages, however, outweighed our disadvantages. No doubt we wish that these good times would return, but they are gone forever. Commencement is now at hand, and we must struggle with it.

While treading along the various pathways of commercial life, let us not forget the valuable lessons which we have learned at the C. C. H. S. Let us ever be true to our class motto, "Let deeds prove". While in school we have been taught *how* to face the world; now we shall have the *opportunity* to face it. Let us profit from the experiences offered by our instructors so that we may be true to our school and also true to our God.

During our religious careers we shall also have ample opportunity to look back upon the profitable discussions which took place in our school. As we hope to be better business men and better citizens on account of our training at the C. C. H. S., we also hope to be better workers in God's Kingdom.

So far we have all traveled along the same road. Tonight our pathway diverges. We shall each have to travel our own way. Sad as this parting may be, a ray of joy appears when we realize that we shall be accompanied with the happy memories of the days spent at the C. C. H. S. and the many friendships that have been formed there.

And now, friend graduates, my most earnest desire is, that whatever you may undertake to do you will always uphold our class motto, "Let deeds prove", and, with this in mind, I hope success will attend your way.

JACOB VAN BRUGGEN.

# COMMERCIAL GRADUATES

BUIKEMA, MARGARET
"Marg"

M ischievous and
A lways contrary to
R ules and regulations. A
G ood recitation
A ffords a reason for a
R adiant smile.
E ver ready
T ongue and wit.

BULTHUIS, CORNELIA
"Cora"

C arefree and
O bliging;
R esourceful in
N ecessity;
E nergetic, not
L acking in
I nitiative
A nd "spunk".

COOK, FLORENCE
"Cookie"

F ull of fun and
L aughter; with a gift
O f study; a
R eal student, a shark
E specially in subjects
N ecessary to a successful
C areer after she
E nters the business world.

De Vries, Richard
"Rich"

R ich he is
I ndeed, with a good
C haracter and a
H appy heart;
A mbitious,
R eliable and
D etermined to succeed.

Dryfhout, Christine
"Chris"

C harming and
H appy, with a
R adiant smile;
I ncapable of gloom;
S tudious and
T rustworthy
I n that which
N eeds special
E fficiency.

Jousma, Gertrude
"Gert"

G iven to
E ver-changing moods;
R ecognizable by her
T rue blue eyes and
R eady tongue,
U sed frequently and
D aringly—Oh!
E verybody knows "Gert".

KARSEN, ANNA
"Karsie"

A ctive and studious,
N ever unprepared in class;
N eat appearance,
A lways pleasant.

KINGMA, IDA
"Itch"

I nnocent looking, but
D aring to play
A wful pranks anytime.

KRAMER, CHRISTINE
"Chrissie"

C onscientious and
H elpful; willing to
R est without being
I dle;
S tudious at the right
T ime; the
I mage of happiness; a sweet
N ature;
E verybody likes her.

MULLER, ANNA

A wealth of hair,
N ot bobbed;
N aughty but nice,
A ttractive and peppy.

OOSTING, HARRY

H ard to get
A cquainted with, but
R eally a very
R eliable and steady
Y outh.

POSTEMA, HENRY
"Heiny"

H usky, though small,
E specially bright;
N ice to everybody;
R eady to graduate although
Y oung.

STERENBERG, HILDA
"Hil"

H as an
I ncurable
L ove for mischief and
D ares to do
A nything.

## OUR LIBRARY

| | |
|---|---|
| "The Doctor" | Mr. Smitter |
| "The Crisis" | Examination Week |
| "The Old Curiosity Shop" | Our lost and found box |
| "Sisters" | Anna and Etta Bultema |
| "Just David" | David Dykstra |
| "Twice Told Tales" | Reasons for being tardy |
| "Dictionary" | Mr. De Boer |
| "Encyclopedia Brittanica" | Any one of the Seniors |
| "The Best Man" | Henry Hoeksema |
| "Vanity Fair" | The Girls' Washroom |
| "The Sheik" | John Moll |
| "The Scarlet Letter" | "D" |
| "Crime and Punishment" | "Cutting up" in class—extra session |
| "This Freedom" | Spring Vacation |
| "Comedy of Errors" | Trial Balance in Bookkeeping |
| "Pilgrim's Progress" | From a Freshie to a Senior |
| "Back to Methusaleh" | Archaeology and Ancient History classes |
| "Main Street" | Our *one* hall |
| "Freckles" | Edwin Van Til |
| "The Enchanted Barn" | The Gym |
| "The Little Minister" | Rufus Oldenburger |
| "Daddy Long Legs" | John Ter Maat |
| "Exit Betty" | Elizabeth Van der Horst leaving school |
| "All's Well That Ends Well" | Report cards out on time. |

# HISTORY OF THE COMMERCIAL CLASS OF 1924

Indeed, it did seem strange to have passed through the grades, to enter into a school so much different from the one which we had attended in years passed. At first we were a little diffident, but this shyness did not remain with us, for before the first day was over we had become acquainted with the students, and felt at home in our new surroundings.

When our school year commenced in September, 1922, our commercial class consisted of the following twenty members:

Helen Brouwer
Margaret Buikema
Cornelia Bulthuis
Florence Cook
John De Vries
Richard De Vries
Christine Dryfhout
Theodore Du Bois
Gertrude Jousma
Anna Karsen
Ida Kingma
Christine Kramer
Jerry Costelyk
Anna Muller
Harry Oosting
John Pelon
Henry Postema
Sadie Tammeling
Hilda Sterenberg
Dena Woldt

A reception on the freshmen was given shortly after our school year had commenced.

It was with deep regret that we saw the following students drop out of our class. It was not for lack of interest that they left, but various circumstances caused these changes.

John De Vries
Jerry Costelyk
Theodore Du Bois
John Pelon
Sadie Tammeling
Dena Woldt

Helen Brouwer who decided to change her course of study, dropped out of our class to take up the General course.

The remaining thirteen are striving to finish their school career, after which they hope to enter the business world, where they may apply the principles of Commercial Education and we are sure they will be successful.

That he might continue his studies at the University of Chicago, Mr. Bossenbroek left our school in June, 1923, and Mr. J. De Boer and Mr. H. Swets were added to the faculty in September, 1923.

Our instructors in general subjects were: Mr. Fakkema, Mr. Sietsema, Mr. Swets, Mr. Holkeboer and Miss Hammekool.

Our major subjects were Bookkeeping, Shorthand, and Typewriting, taught by Mr. Smitter, our commercial instructor.

We wish to thank our teachers for their instruction, and in this statement we must not forget our ever-faithful custodian, Mr. Dykema.

We, who expect to graduate, realize that the C. C. H. S. is our school and we are never going to forget her; and we trust that our class will not be forgotten. We realize what it will mean to the remaining commercials to complete their technical commercial branches without one who has started them on their courses and who has always taken their interest at heart. For the sake of our C. C. H. S., we are sorry to see Mr. Smitter leave our institution.

Anna Karsen.

# CLASS PROPHECY OF THE COMMERCIALS

My duties as secretary for the sales manager of one of the large advertising concerns took me to an eastern city where they were to open a new place and thus severed me from my old classmates in Chicago. I had been gone for nearly eight years when I was given a leave of absence for my faithful services and decided immediately that I would spend this vacation in Chicago and look up my old friends.

As I stepped off the train at the Grand Central station, a familiar voice called, "Well, there is Christina Kramer," and I was surprised to see Gertrude Jousma who came to the station to meet a gentleman friend who was to spend his summer vacation at her home. She was very much surprised to see me and said that she was now employed as head bookkeeper for one of the large manufacturing concerns and said that I should go with her and meet two of our old classmates. I, therefore, checked my baggage at the station; and, after we had properly informed Gertrude's friend how to find home, we had a little lunch and then went to the office. After we had been back from lunch for a time, in walked two prosperous young men, brief cases in hand, whom I immediately recognized as Harry Oosting and Richard De Vries. We were certainly glad to meet each other and Harry handed me one of his cards which read as follows: De Vries and Oosting, Public Accountants, Audits and Systems our Specialty. They were installing a new system at this place. It was no surprise to me that they were in this profession, for you know how Richard and Harry used to devour bookkeeping and accounting.

While Gertrude was making up her deposit for the day, I had a little chat with the boys after which Gertrude and I left. She didn't state where we were going, but we walked to the banking district on La Salle Street and Gertrude said, "I would like you to meet the cashier of the bank". What a surprise it was to see that little fellow back of the counter, with a name plate on the counter marked, Henry Postema, Cashier. How good it seemed to see all of these old friends in such well established positions.

When I returned from the bank, I remarked to Gertrude that her office force seemed quite efficient; that every one kept working, and she said, "Why shouldn't they be when they are the products of two of our old classmates?" I looked at her somewhat surprised and said, "Just what do you mean?" She remarked,"Why, didn't you know that Florence Cook and Anna Karsen are running a business college?" I'll see if I may have permission to leave this afternoon and take you around." This favor was granted, and we went to see these old friends. There, in the heart of the big furnishing houses, on the fifteenth floor of a massive skyscraper, we read these words: "Cook and Karsen Commercial Institute". We did not think that they would do it but when we recalled the old commercial classes of the Chicago Christian High School, we realized that they were looking for some easy work, for they used to "kid" their teachers about being an instructor in Commercial branches, for it was a "soft job". When I reminded them of this, they laughed heartily and said, "We know better now". They were talking about branching out somewhat and were considering opening a musical department. They said that they had employed Margaret Buikema to teach piano. How nicely this fits in. (Do you remember how interested Margaret was in her piano lessons, when she was to meet a 2:45 appointment?) And then, also they had in conjunction with their music, a department of Dramatic Art. Immediately I said, "I bet I know who is going to teach this? It is Ida Kingma." That's just who it is going to be. Isn't it coincident that we are all going to be on the same floor? Mr. Smitter suggested that we branch out. You know he always comes to see the old graduates and continues throwing some advice here and there to help them along.

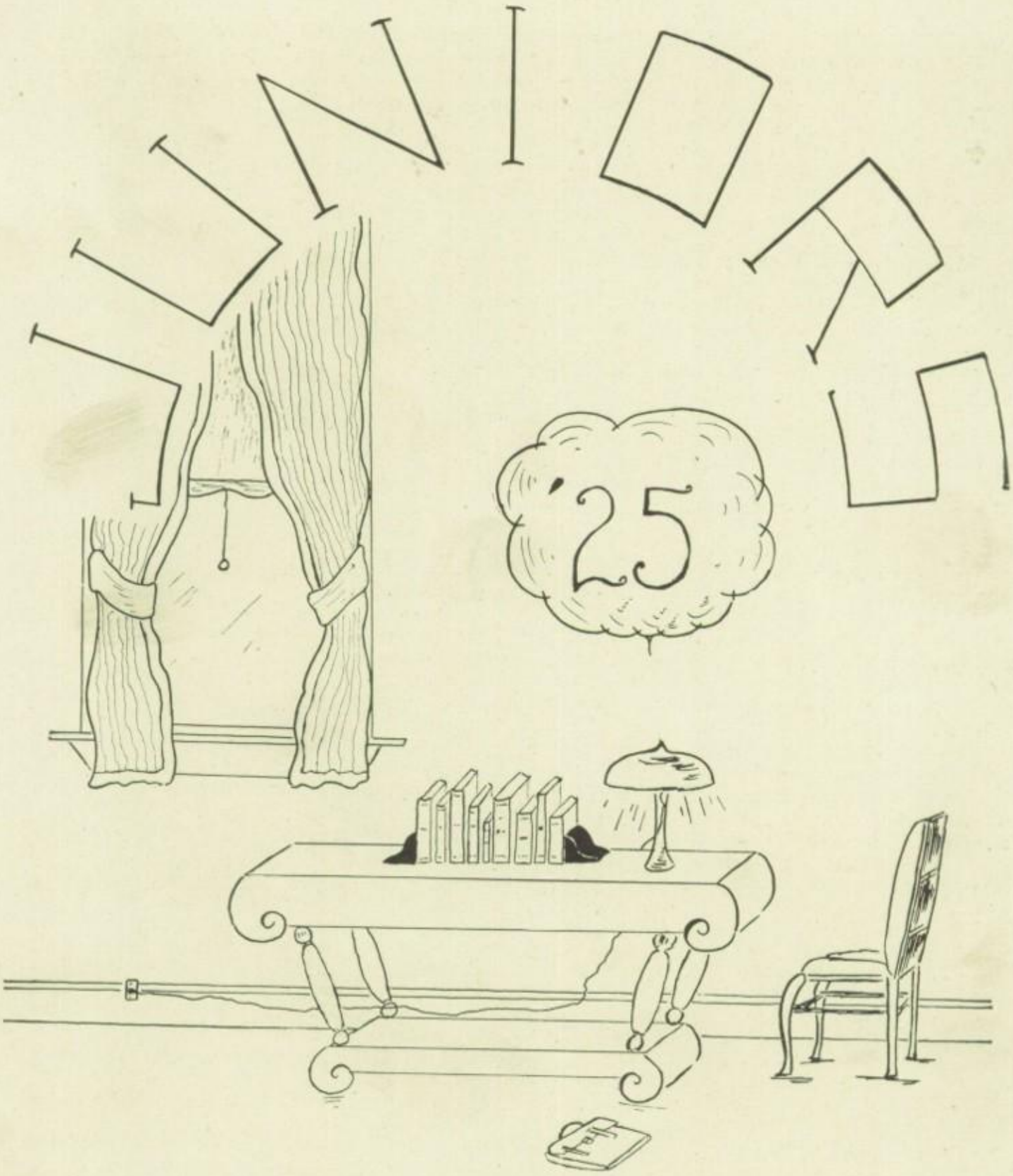
I asked what had become of the other classmates, and mentioned some of their names. She remarked that the others were not working in the loop. Cornelia Bulthuis had a position as a stenographer but her employer said that she was better fitted for household and domestic science and now she has possession of her own little domain; but we couldn't get to see her as they were out on a little pleasure trip enjoying their vacation. Hilda Sterenberg had taken a secretarial position in Milwaukee. It so happened that Cornelia and her husband went for a drive one Saturday taking her brother-in-law with them for company. This young man was a prosperous insurance broker; a man of very fine habits; and must have had a striking personality, for Hilda is going to leave her position next month and follow in Cornelia's steps.

Have you ever heard of Rears-Soebuck & Company? They are one of the biggest mail-order houses in the country. No less than three hundred stenographers are employed to carry on the immense volume of business. The very systematic and methodical methods are all definitely planned and scrutenized by our exacting, prompt, and ever efficient classmate, Christine Dryfhout. She can certainly make things hum.

I had an invitation to spend the night with Gertrude and while we were waiting for a car on the corner of 63rd and Halsted, we were looking at a window where some smart and latest fashioned hats were displayed. I needed a new hat so I suggested that we step inside and look at a few. There we were greeted by Anna Muller. This was, indeed, a surprise.

So I had the surprise of my life in seeing all my old classmates in the short period of one day. The remaining days of my vacation were spent at the homes of these classmates, my time being equally divided. Hilda and Cora, being the only ones who were masters of their own time, drove me over to the old school building and we saw that it had been sold and the old school rooms fitted up as offices for Doctors and Dentists; and that our new building had been just recently completed and the new students enjoyed all the pleasures of a new school and new equipment. Still, we students who stood all the hardships of the old building, enjoyed the old school days and we'll never forget them.

CHRISTINA KRAMER.




H.V.H

Photo by Dodge.

*Top Row:* Rufus Oldenburger, Richard Elzinga, William Rudenga, George Yff, Cornelius Eldrenkamp.
*Second Row:* John Teune, Sidney Van Til, Robert Weidenaar, Henry Van Hattem, Conrad Hoekstra, Walter Hylkema.
*Bottom Row:* Lucy Wieringa, Kathryn Dekker, John Moll, Angeline Nydam, Sarah Kickert.
*Absent from Picture:* Henry Baar, Oscar Hosstra.

To the Juniors:

We, as the Senior Class of '24, before we pass out of existence, wish to pass on some of our knowledge to you Juniors.

First of all we would inform you that though next year you will really be the superiors you now presume to be, you will not feel so highly elated as we seem to be. You will feel the same "catchy" feeling when you think of graduation and leaving school, instead of filling your heads with gay times and basketball games.

Next year when we have gone, *you* will have to fill our exalted and indispensable position. Of course, we do not expect you to succeed as well as we have; but nevertheless, we hope that you may profit by our experiences.

Our parting "shot" is a challenge to your class to publish as good an Annual as this one.

The Seniors.

To the Seniors:

We, in our humble position as Juniors, wish to thank you for your kind advice, which we feel sure we do not need.

We have a perfect right to presume to be superiors as we will profit by this practice next year. Although you talk of experiencing a "catchy" feeling, *you* seem to be enjoying yourselves quite well with basketball games and parties.

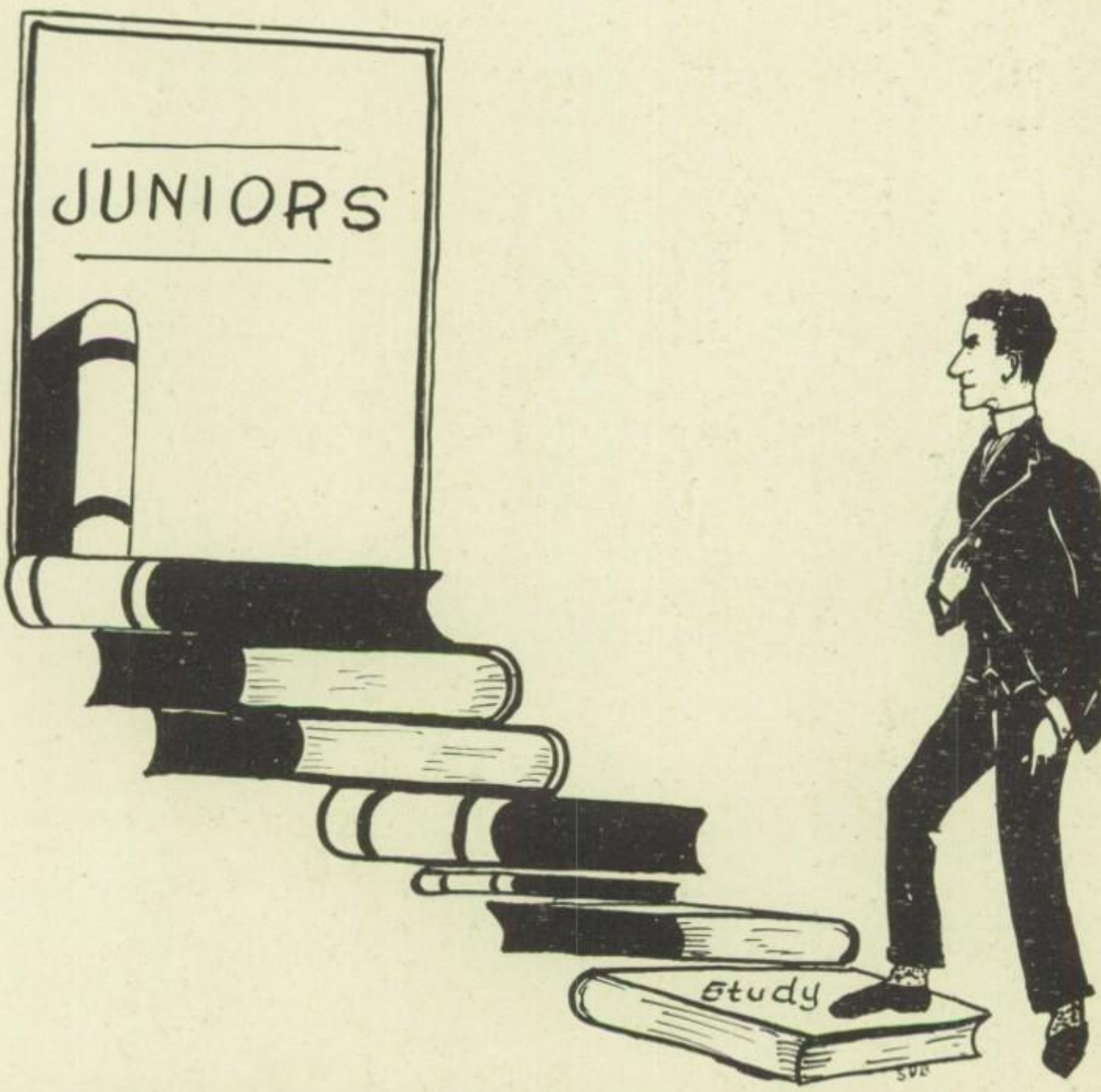
Of course, we realize that we are not capable of filling your exalted position, but we will do our best to remember your experiences—and you.

And by the way, if our Annual does not prove to be better than yours, we will know that our efforts to publish one have been in vain.

We remain your humble servants,

The Juniors.

CLOSE-UPS OF OUR CLASSES




# SOPHOMORES

Photo by Dodge.

*Top Row:* Hoekstra, Kelder, Jagersma, Zandstra, Bovenkerk, Blystra. *Second Row:* Van Kampen, Blystra, Bultema, Boerema, Huisinga, Osterherdt, De Boer. *Third Row:* Verbeek, De Vries, Gross, Van der Molen, Ridderhoff, Piel, Ooms, Hasper. *Bottom Row:* De Boer, De Vries, Van Schaardenburg, Eldersveld, Kingma. *Absent from Picture:* De Boer, Radius.

To the Sophomores:

To you Sophomores, who have neither the greenness of the Freshmen nor the privileges of the Juniors, but sophistication for both, to you we also wish to give a word of counsel.

Although this year you may have the privilege of tormenting the Freshies, with your own tortures fresh in mind (and acting like one yourself occasionally (?) ) next year you must begin to take a leading part in school activities. We hope that by then some of your "wisdom" will be supplanted by common sense.

When you have finished blaming the teachers for all your low marks, don't forget to compliment yourself on the one A- or B you received. Always remember that all marks below B are due to the teachers and that all marks above B are what you deserve.

Remember that it is your special duty to cherish and keep alive the school spirit; and enjoy the rest of your school life as much as we have.

The Seniors.

To the Seniors:

Naturally we will accept your advice, as we realize as ever before what sages you are—or pretend to be.

It is our misfortune that the Freshies are becoming quite fresh and won't stand being teased. Although we are considered as subordinate creatures, we are sure our good judgment and cheer would be sadly missed if the C. C. H. S. had to do without us.

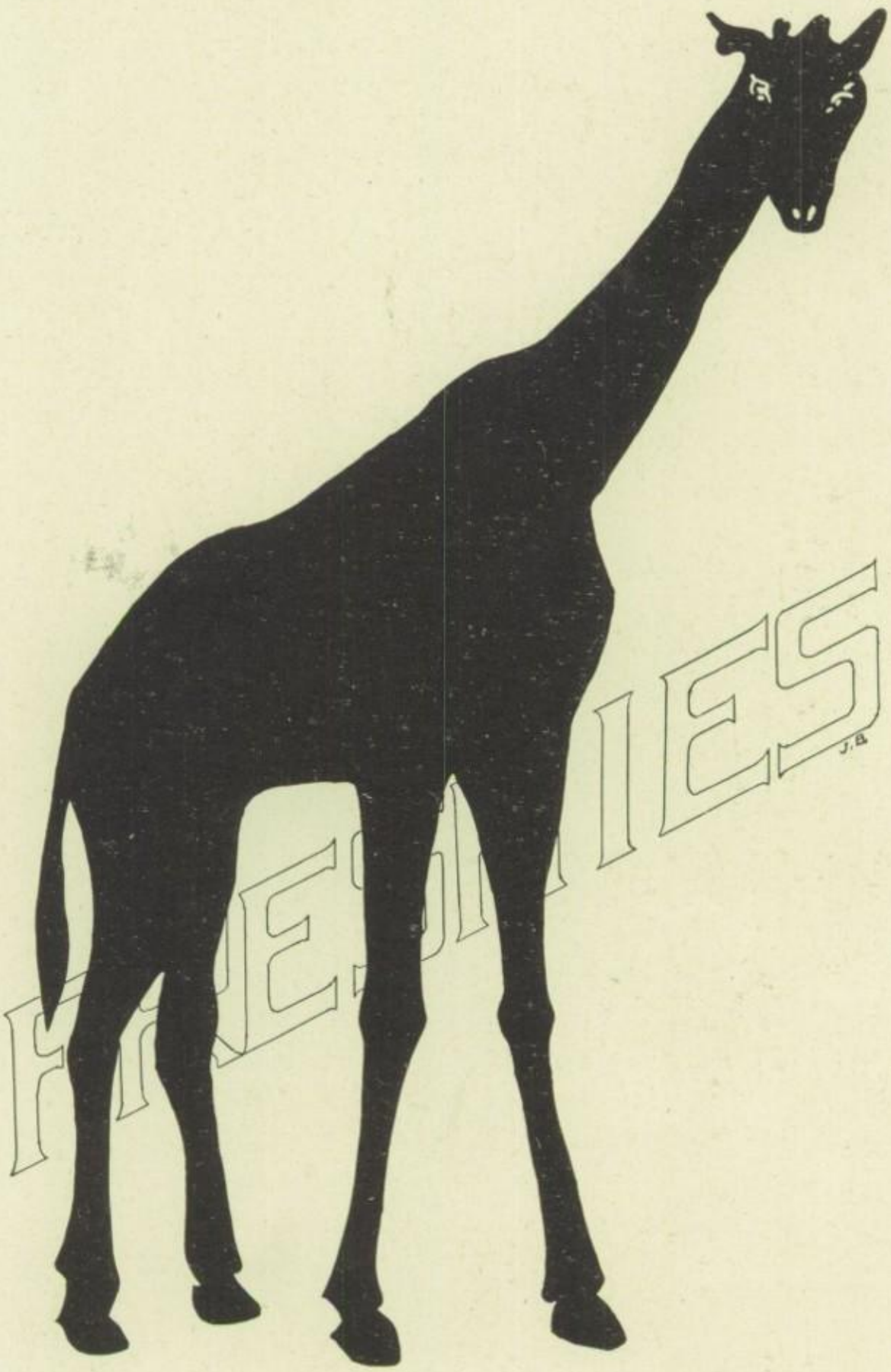
Are you sure that all our low marks are due to ourselves? It is not our fault if we are not as brilliant as you seem to be—when we have become Juniors or Seniors, we will learn how to do some tall bluffing.

As you suggest, we will take proper care of the school spirit and will try not to be bored before we pass into the glorious position of Juniors.

We remain your friends,

The Sophomores.

CLASS '27


FREEDOM
J.B.

GENERAL FRESHMEN

Photo by Dodge.

*Top Row:* Hoving, De Vries, Van Kampen, Van der Molen, Van Til, Grimberg. *Second Row:* Bolhuis, Dekker, Van den Burg Stob, Nydam, Bolt, Slater. *Third Row:* Jacobsen, Wierenga, Bos, Kingma, Bakker, Geerdes, Zwiers, Kramer. *Bottom Row:* Prince, Dryfhout, Veldman, Gelderloos, Dykstra, De Boer, Gaillard. *Absent from Picture:* Radius, Vander Horst.

To the Freshies:

It is so long since we were in your place that it is hard for us to write to you. Nevertheless, we have one word of advice. It is this:

Whenever you are discouraged with school and feel like dropping it all, think of us and be inspired by our success. If *we* could acquire a diploma, *you* certainly should be able to.

Next year when you are "Sophs" yours will be the privilege of teasing those who will then occupy your present position. We hope that your oppression of them will be lightened by the vivid remembrance of your own experiences.

You will find, as we have found, that although some of the teachers look sheepish and easy to fool, they will not stand being tampered with. We warn you to play your pranks on us instead of on the members of the faculty, as we are experienced; and, as we have once been Freshies, we can stand a joke.

We are fully aware that you are very much in awe of us, but we are really not so aw(e)ful as we seem.

The Seniors.

To the Seniors:

We appreciate your valuable advice and comforting remarks, and will not forget them when we are disgusted with our work at school. Our diploma is already our goal, but if we do not merit it more than you do it will not mean much to us.

You think you are quite somebody, it seems, but we think you are the only ones who have that impression.

Yes, we have been sadly maltreated, but we will soon become "Sophs" and our victims will be other poor "Freshies". "Revenge is sweet".

We have discovered that the teachers are nicest when you treat them as they should be treated, so we made up our minds to make them our friends.

You will please excuse us for borrowing some of these words from your expanded vocabularies.

The Freshies.

COMMERCIAL FRESHMEN Photo by Dodge.

*Top Row:* Clausing, Folgers, Van der Woude, Haster, Haitsma, Huizenga. *Second Row:* Hoffman, Hoekstra, Van Dellen, Schripsema, Sluis, Sterenberg. *Bottom Row:* Voss, Posthuma, Smith, Flasman, Klemp, Noorlag. *Absent from Picture:* Jousma, Van Kuiken.

# MR. SMITTER'S ??th BIRTHDAY

That it takes a jolly bunch of young folks to put something over Mr. Smitter was again proven when the Commercial graduating class, consisting of the unlucky thirteen, pleasantly surprised him at his home on Tuesday evening of May 13th. Mr. Smitter had set aside the planting of educational bookkeeping, shorthand, and typewriting seeds and was busily engaged tilling the soil of his 20x30 foot farm; in the meantime enjoying the Buckingham vapors of his pipe.

The class had made all preliminary arrangements and were calmly occupying the parlor of the home before even Mrs. Smitter was aware of their presence. Suddenly, however, an emergency (?) telephone call brought Mr. Smitter within the four walls and O! the message when these thirteen set their vocal chords to vibrating, was indeed enough to lift Mr. Smitter off the floor. Was he surprised? Guess!

The program of the evening had many variations. First, Mr. Smitter hardly felt himself a proper host in his farmer suit in the presence of so learned a group. Hence he donned himself to meet his youthful years.

All being interested in the results of the magnificent Radio were then entertained by the Debate, "To Bob or not to Bob, that is the question."

Since both types were present, each grasped what information of defense was given to strengthen individual opinion. We have not noticed more "Bobbies" since, however.

Several interesting games followed. The prizes distributed were carried off by: Gertrude Jousma (1st), Christine Kramer (Booby) in finding the proper location of the Donkey's tail; and, by Ida Kingma (1st), Richard De Vries (Booby) for arranging the letters of the names of some impossible (?) flowers.

But the social hour was the crowning of the evening. Leave it to commercials to have sufficient eats.

This gathering had in mind a two-fold purpose. It was Mr. Smitter's birthday. What is more, it was a farewell party, for Mr. Smitter is to leave our school.

We regret that he is obliged to leave us, for he sure has won a place in the heart of every student and it is this type of tie that is 'grappled to the soul with hooks of steel'—difficult to be broken. To show their appreciation of his guiding friendship, the class presented Mr. Smitter with a beautiful gold signet ring bearing the inscription of the class.

It was too much for Mr. Smitter. He could hardly express himself fluently. Beside this gift of memory, he received a box of his favorite pastimes.

It was nearing the early hours of morning when the group was conveyed to their respective homes by means of autos.

A. G. H.

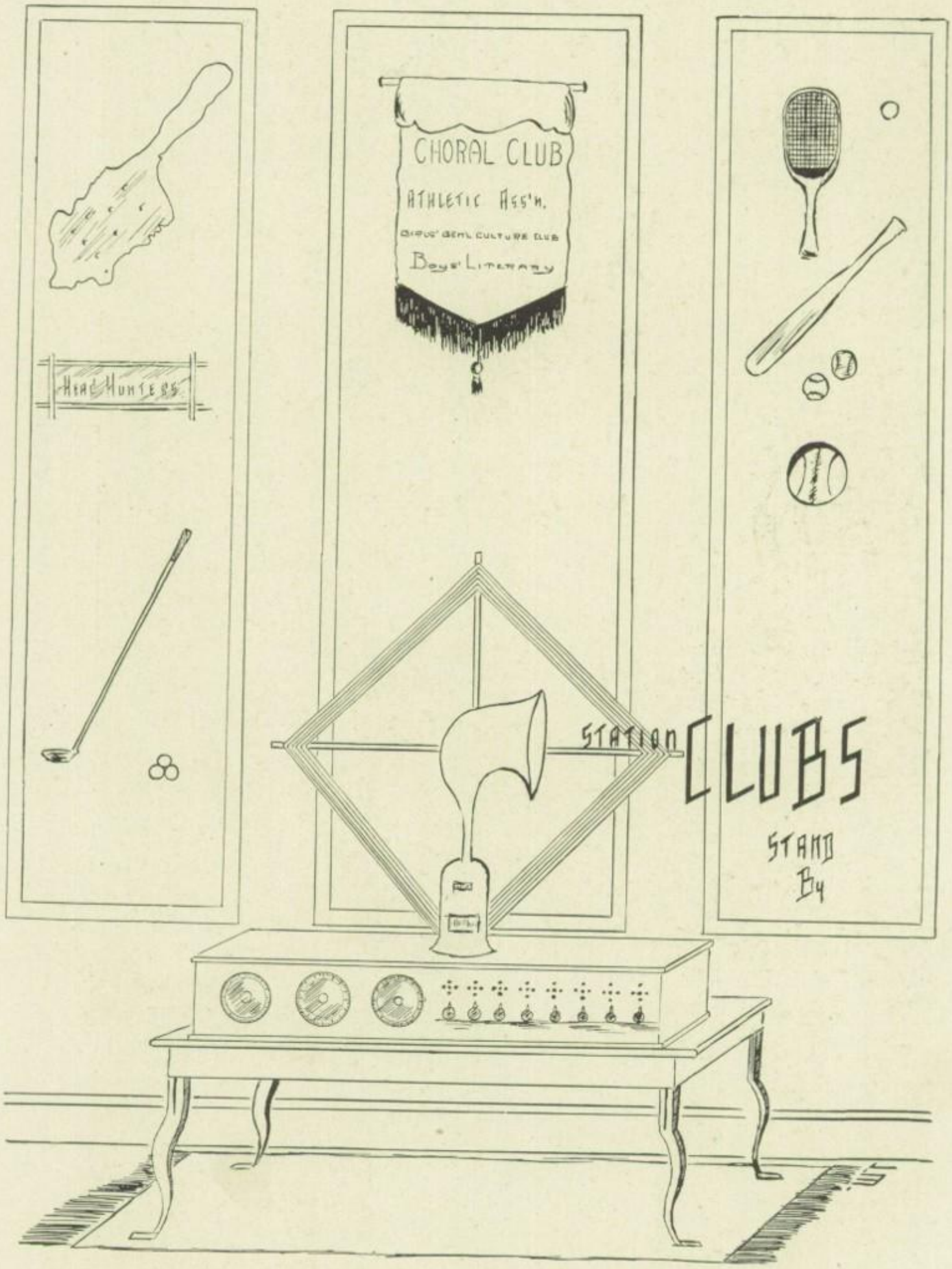

CHORAL CLUB
ATHLETIC ASS'N.
GIRLS' GEN'L CULTURE CLUB
BOYS' LITERARY
HIGH HUNTERS
STATION CLUBS
STAND
B4

Photo by Dodge.

Christine Dryhout
Alice Van Hattem
Mr. Fakkema
Jennie Ball
Ida Kingma
Cornelia Bulthuis

# GIRLS' GENERAL CULTURE CLUB

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. Fakkema | *Honorary President* |
| Alice Van Hattem | *President* |
| Ida Kingma | *Vice-President* |
| Jennie Ball | *Secretary* |
| Christine Dryfhout | *Treasurer* |
| Cornelia Bulthuis | *Vice-Secretary-Treasurer* |

During the past year, our club has tried, and I'm sure has succeeded, in living up to its aim,—to promote the best interests of our school and the social interests of our girls.

As for the good times, these have also characterized this year's activity. We began the semester with a Baby Doll Party in honor of the Freshmen and at various meetings played games and served refreshments, making all those girls not yet members eager to join.

The girls being willing to make candy, we had two candy sales; one within the school at lunch hour, and the other at a public program given in our assembly hall. With its proceeds, Mr. Fakkema, our Honorary President, bought lockers for the girls' gymnasium classes. We also were successful in getting pins for the members of our club, and supplying the girls' room with a medicine chest.

Since we have heard that our High School is in urgent need of some money, we carried out the following scheme for raising a little donation for our school: Each member of our club took upon herself to write to ten friends, requesting them to measure their waistline and to drop in the pocket of a little doll apron, which we enclosed, as many pennies as their waistline measures in inches. We are glad to say that the response is very gratifying.

Jennie Ball.

# MEMBERS OF THE GIRLS' GENERAL CULTURE CLUB

Bakker, Antoinette
Blystra, Adriana
Boerema, Ellen
Bos, Alice
Buikema, Margaret
Bultema, Anna
Bultema, Etta
Bultema, Jeanette
Bulthuis, Cora
Cook, Florence
Dekker, Kathryn
De Vries, Allie
Dryfhout, Christine
Folgers, Tracy
Geerdes, Anna
Gross, Nellie
Hasper, Anjean
Hoffman, Grace
Huisinga, Geraldine
Jousma, Gertrude
Karsen, Anna
Kingma, Della
Kingma, Ida
Kramer, Henrietta
Muller, Anna
Noorlag, Henrietta
Nydam, Angeline
Ooms, Johanna
Osterherdt, Dena
Piel, Nellie
Posthuma, Grace
Ridderhoff, Janet
Schripsema, Jeltiena
Sluis, Johanna
Smith, Rose
Sterenberg, Hilda
Van Dellen, Florence
Van der Molen, Corneila
Van Hattem, Alice
Veldman, Gladys
Veldman, Grace
Voss, Grace
Wierenga, Catherine
Wieringa, Lucy
Zwiers, Helen

Photo by Dodge.

*Top Row:* Kingma, Zandstra, Hylkema, Ter Maat, Dekker, Weidenaar, Van den Burg, Van Hattem, Veldman, Van Til, Hoeksema, Van Hattem. *Second Row:* Karsen, Osterherdt, Bulthuis, Blystra, Gross, Nydam, Posthuma. *Third Row:* Kingma, Veldman, Mr. Sietsema, Mr. Swets, Kickert, Dryfhout. *Bottom Row:* Yff, Postema, Dekker, Slater, Eldrenkamp.

# THE CHORAL CLUB

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. H. Swets | *President* |
| Mr. J. Sietsema | *Director* |
| Bernard Hamstra | *Secretary-Treasurer* |

The Choral Club met for the first time last October. At that time, about twenty students responded to the request to organize a Choral Club.

These students, with Mr. Fakkema, Mr. Swets and Mr. Sietsema, met one afternoon to organize. Following a short talk by Mr. Fakkema on the purpose of forming this club, the election of officers took place.

The purpose is to develop vocal talent among the students, particularly chorus work. The immediate purpose was to provide some chorus numbers for the public program rendered in various churches by our students during January, February and March of 1924.

The club is now waiting for an opportunity to organize more strongly, as it will then be able to turn out more and better work than heretofore.

Directed by Mr. Sietsema and ably assisted by Alice Van Hattem at the piano, our club is doing fine.

Henry Hoeksema.

# MEMBERS OF THE CHORAL CLUB

Ball, Jennie
Blystra, Adriana
Blystra, Nicholas
Bultema, Anna
Bultema, Etta
Bultema, Jeanette
Bulthuis, Cora
Cook, Florence
Dekker, Geraldine
Dekker, Kathryn
De Vries, Peter
Dryfhout, Christine
Eldersveld, Harry
Eldrenkamp, Cornelius
Gross, Nellie
Hamstra, Bernard
Hasper, Aldrich
Hasper, Anjean
Hoeksema, Henry
Hofstra, Oscar
Hylkema, Walter
Karsen, Anna
Kelder, Herman
Kickert, Sarah
Kingma, Della
Kingma, Ida
Kramer, Henrietta
Muller, Anna
Nydam, Angeline
Osterherd, Dena
Postema, Henry
Posthuma, Grace
Radius, Theodore
Ridderhoff, Janet
Rudenga, William
Sietsema, Mr. J.
Slater, Raymond
Stob, George
Swets, Mr. H.
Ter Maat, John
Van Dellen, Florence
Van Hattem, Alice
Van Hattem, Henry
Van Til, Sidney
Veldman, Gladys
Veldman, Grace
Weidenaar, Robert
Wierenga, Lucy
Yff, George
Zandstra, Jack

# THE PRICE OF CARELESSNESS

The white, downy, blanketed mountains fair
Stood calm in the midst of wintry air;
While the dreary valley below
Lay drizzly and covered with snow.

Not quenching his fire, the camper went home;
A thought of destruction? There was not one;
Carefully descending the mountainside steep,
Only over self a watch did he keep.

Soon after a gigantic flame was seen,
Spreading afar its ruddy gleam
As the glowing demon was reaching out
Its fiery talons, consuming all that was about.

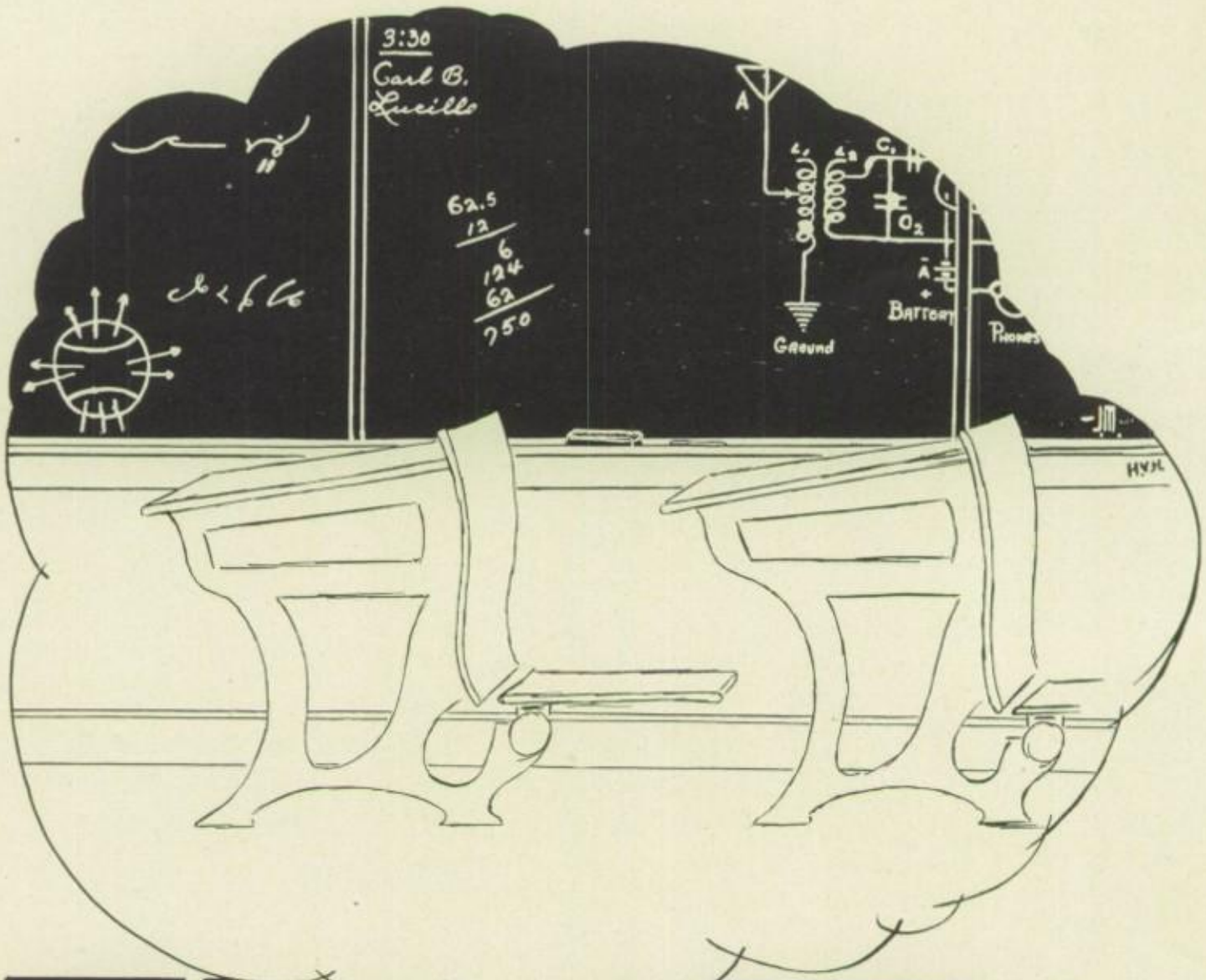
This destructive power moved on
Till out of sight the sun was gone,
O'er the whole domain having full sway;
For no human hand this demon could stay.

Many a stately pine that night
Gave forth a brilliant ray of light;
Till one whole mountainside was bare
Of all the beauties that once stood there.

Furiously the flames swept across
Till every soul in its pathway was doomed to be lost,
While a mother in anguish and pain
Was raising her voice some comfort to gain.

There, high where no one could see
Was this mother, who with children three,
Helplessly kneeling for none could aid;
Their lives for a careless man's act must be paid.

DELLA KINGMA.


3:30
Carl B.
Lucille
62.5
12
6
124
62
750
A
Ground
Battery
Phones
HYH

# ALUMNI

# ALUMNI

## 1920

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bonga, Adeline | Ass't Paymaster | Western Electric Co. |
| Clausing, Amy | Stenographer | Wilson & Co. |
| De Mooy, Johanna | Secretary | W. Slock, Att'y at Law |
| Ericks, Mrs. C. (formerly Bertha Potts) | Housekeeper | C. Ericks |
| Folgers, Angeline | Sec't and Edit. Ass't | A. W. Shaw, Law Pub. Co. |
| Swierenga, Gertrude | Stenographer | Lyons & Carnahan |
| Weidenaar, Sadie | Bookkeeper | Jansen Furniture Co. |

## 1921

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bolhuis, Della | Stenographer | Local Loan Co. |
| Dorn, Angie | Private Secretary | W. H. Schenk Co. |
| Kelder, Mrs. H. (formerly Ella Heersema) | Nurse Maid | H. Kelder |
| Kingma, Anna | Bookkeeper | H. Hamstra & Co. |
| Kingma, Renzena N. | Bookkeeper | A. N. Palmer Co. |
| Van der Velde, Jeanette | Secretary | Fuller-Morrison Co. |

## 1922

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Brouwer, Anna R. | Stenographer | Am. State Bank |
| Buikema, Christine | Stenographer | Phillipsborn Co. |
| Clausing, Henrietta | Stenographer | Otto & Van der Steeg, real es. |
| Dekker, Grace | Teacher | Sheboygan, Wis. |
| De Young, Bertha | Clerk | Sherwin Williams Co. |
| Doornbos, Bernard F. | Botanist | Field Museum |
| Groenewold, Elizabeth | Cash Entry Clerk | Sears, Roebuck & Co. |
| Hamstra, John | Student | Calvin College |
| Hoeksema, Frieda | Private Secretary | Globe Varnish Co. |
| Hoffman, Johanna | Teacher | Highland Chr. School |
| Hoffman, Martha | Stenographer | American Surety Co. |
| Jacobsma, Ella | Teacher | Ebenezer Chr. School |
| Kelder, Clara | Stenographer | Am. School of Corr. |
| Kramer, Dorothy | Typist | Federal Appraisal Corp. |
| Mugg, Frances | Comptometer Operator | Illinois Cent. R. R. |
| Nydam, Irene E. | Stenographer | Wiersema State Bank |
| Potts, Johanna | Stenographer & Cashier | Boersema Co. |
| Smith, Clara | Clerk | Continental Casualty Co. |
| Speelman, Grace | Stenographer | Shea, Smith & Co. |
| Tanis, Anna | Stenographer | Mergenthaler Linotype Co. |
| Uhlig, Frances | Typist | La Salle Extension Univ. |
| Van Bruggen, John A. | Teacher | Roseland, Chr. School, 110 L. |
| Van der Wagen, Catherine | Typist | Sears, Roebuck & Co. |
| Van Dyke, Elko | Student | Calvin College |
| Veldman, Grace | Post-Graduate Student | C. C. H. S. |
| Wierenga, Edith | At Home | |
| Wierenga, Jeanette | Stenographer | Plating & Mfg. Co. |
| Zandstra, Joe | Student | Calvin College |
| Zylstra, Jack | Student | Calvin College |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Beishuizen, Tildora | Typist | A. N. Palmer Co. |
| Bovenkerk, Carl | Student | Hope College |
| Dekker, Geraldine | Private Secretary | C. C. H. S. |
| Meeter, Lucile | Student | Calvin College |
| Posthuma, Catherine | Invoicer | A. N. Palmer Co. |
| Prince, John | Bookkeeper | Pullman Co. |
| Schildhouse, Clara | Stenographer | Univ. Ext. Conservatory |
| Veldman, Gladys | Post-Graduate Student | C. C. H. S. |
| Van Eerden, Martha | Typist | Fahrney & Sons |
| Yff, Thomas | Student | Calvin College |

## ALUMNI

All the Alumni of our Chicago Christain High School are eligible to become members of the C. C. H. S. Alumni Association. We have about fifty Alumni. All, however, do not attend the meetings of the association.

The present officers of the Alumni Association are:

| | |
|---|---|
| Adeline Bonga | *President* |
| Renzina Kingma | *Vice-President* |
| Angie Dorn | *Secretary* |
| Amy Clausing | *Treasurer* |
| Anna Kingma | *Vicar* |

The purpose of our Alumni meetings is to retain the bonds of friendship, to keep in vital contact with our Alma Mater, and to further the interests of our school.

## REMEDY: JOIN THE ALUMNI

Some C. C. H. S. graduates are like drift-wood on a shore;
Meet once, greet once, part forever-more.

# POST GRADUATES

GERALDINE DEKKER, '23
GLADYS VELDMAN, '23
GRACE VELDMAN, '22

GERALDINE DEKKER
"Jerry"

Jerry, by her faithful work, became valedictorian of the class of '23. Since then, she has been taking post-graduate work and been private secretary to Mr. Fakkema, our principal. To Jerry goes much credit for her clerical work in connection with this Annual.

GLADYS VELDMAN
"Glmon"

Gladys is very popular, no doubt due to the happy disposition which never leaves her. She's a friend of everyone in school. Jerry has been with our school since graduation in 1923.

GRACE VELDMAN
"Gri"

Grace is Mr. Smitter's most able assistant. To find her, you'll have to look through the halls, or in the office, for she's the busiest girl in school, studying and working for the commercial department.

# OUR ALUMNI AT CALVIN

During the school year which is drawing to a close, the Chicago Christian High School is represented at Calvin College by six of its graduates, who are "insatiably craving" after more extensive knowledge and a deeper insight into life.

These students who in former years entered daily the halls of the Christain High School are Lucille Meeter, Elko Van Dyke, Thomas Yff, Jack Zylstra, Joe Zandstra, and John Hamstra; four students of class '22 and two of class '23.

We, as Freshmen in college, especially in the first days of college life had to bear the gibes and taunts hurled at us by the "Uppers"; but we soon learned that the Calvin student is "true blue" at heart; under the surface there is not a bit of real contempt or feeling of superiority toward Freshmen. Calvin is renowned for its fine spirit of cordiality, helpfulness, and sympathy; and it certainly lives up to its reputation.

Its spirit of fellowship has always been an inspiration to us. At the reception we were welcomed with smiles for the eye, speeches for the ear, handshakes for intimate feeling, and dainties for the palate. Could we expect a better welcome? The club-life is giving us opportunity to come into personal contact with students of our own interests. We have our athletic good times, our social hours, and our happy rest-room talks. In short, student life at Calvin is a pleasure.

But think not that this is all! Calvin is no playhouse or a house of dreams. Study, work, write, concentrate and think are some of the terms which portray the other side of college life. These are the steps to a higher plane in the realm of education. Do not think, however, that we are overwhelmed, for we have a sympathizing faculty. In truth, a friendly faculty!

As you notice we are "sold" on Calvin College, and we heartily recommend Calvin to all who intend to broaden their education.

Calvin's standards of scholarship are very high, and nothing is left undone to uphold these standards.

The school building, erected in a most delightful section of the city, is comparatively new and is complete in every respect. All equipment is modern.

The dormitory, now in process of construction on the campus, is rapidly nearing completion; and, consequently, during the next year living expenses will be practically reduced to nil. The dormitory will also roof a spacious, modern gym where students' bodies may be trained, exercised and kept physically fit.

Calvin is the ideal College in every respect. Calvin offers as wide a variety of courses as would suffice the purposes of any desiring a comprehensive, inclusive education. These courses are taught by a most capable, and experienced teaching staff whose interests lie principally in the welfare of the school.

May the next matriculation period find a large number of additional Chicago Christian High School alumni entering Calvin's halls where we will constantly be ready to serve them.

At your service, Chicago Christian High School!!

With zeal we sing "Calvin College, Calvin College, Hail to thee, all hail!"

And with no less enthusiasm do we resound the echo, "Long live the Chicago Christian High School!"

JOHN HAMSTRA.
JOE ZANDSTRA.

# IDEALISM

Men find in life many things not perfect; they cannot find on earth conditions that measure up to their estimation of perfection. These men are idealists. Although perfection and idealism are not always identical, idealism aims at perfection. In human life, it seems to me, there are three states of idealism: one in youth, one in middle age, and the third in the declining years of life.

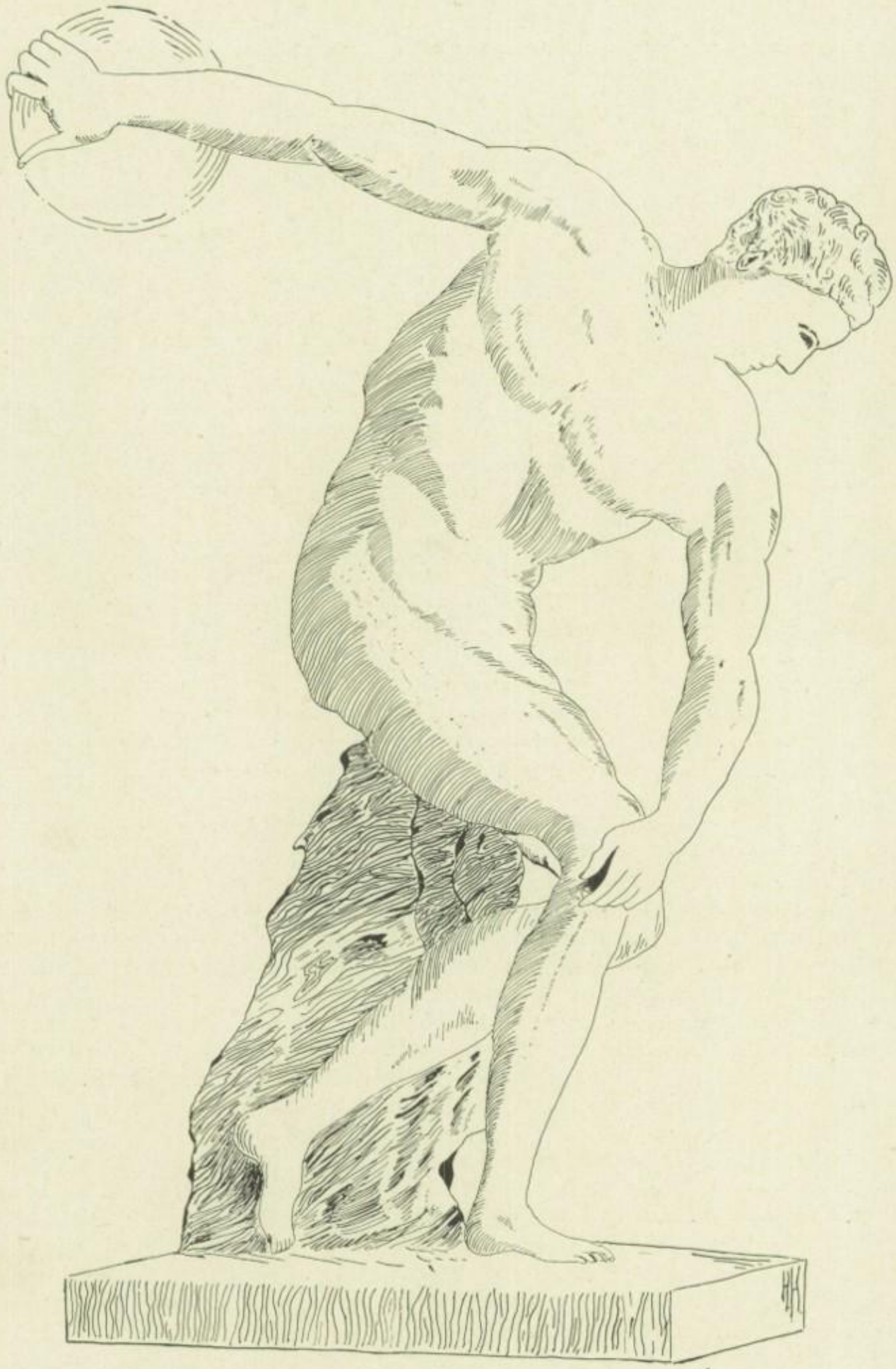
The mind of a child is very susceptible to impressions and it comes in contact usually with conditions that are more or less free from evils of later life, so that he acquires ideas and ideals in life higher and nobler than reality. They have their thoughts of the world. Although one may say that these impressions are false and that youthful aspirations are mere dreams; yet there are in these dreams the foundation for the ambition of life.

The test of youthful ideals comes when the child matures into a man. That is the time when dreams may prove impracticable or when they really can be of some use to the individual in his career. With faith in his ideals and faith in himself, he can prove his visions to see whether they are useful. He either becomes a dreamer or a great man. He must nevertheless expect that the world will not consider his ambitions without opposition because it has not the vision he has. It is this ability to overcome these obstacles that measures his success.

There is also an idealism which comes from experience. The aged man after the experiences of a lifetime with the needs and discrepancies of humanity, acquires thoughts which he considers beneficial to the world. Some again are idle dreams, but others are the result of years of thoughtful meditations. The aged can no longer impart these to humanity; so he must pass them on to the next generation to be carried out.

Amid all practicalities of the commercial life of today, there still remains a place for the inventor and idealist who draw the world to greater efforts and loftier heights.

CARL BOVENKERK, '23.



# ATHLETICS

Photo by Dodge.

*Standing:* Henry Hoeksema, Mr. Smitter, George Yff.
*Seated:* Ben De Boer, Jacob Van Bruggen.

# C. C. H. S. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The purpose of our organization is to foster and promote the health, good spirit, and co-operation of its members by athletics and sports of various kinds. It also furnishes all the equipment for the gymnasium classes, and for the teams.

To further its purpose, our club supports a basketball team, a baseball team, and an indoor ball team. The basketball team had a fine season this year, playing many hard games, and winning a majority of them. It made a trip to Grand Rapids and Holland, Michigan; here its fine playing brought distinction to the school it represents. The Holland Christian High School team also came to Chicago and played our team.

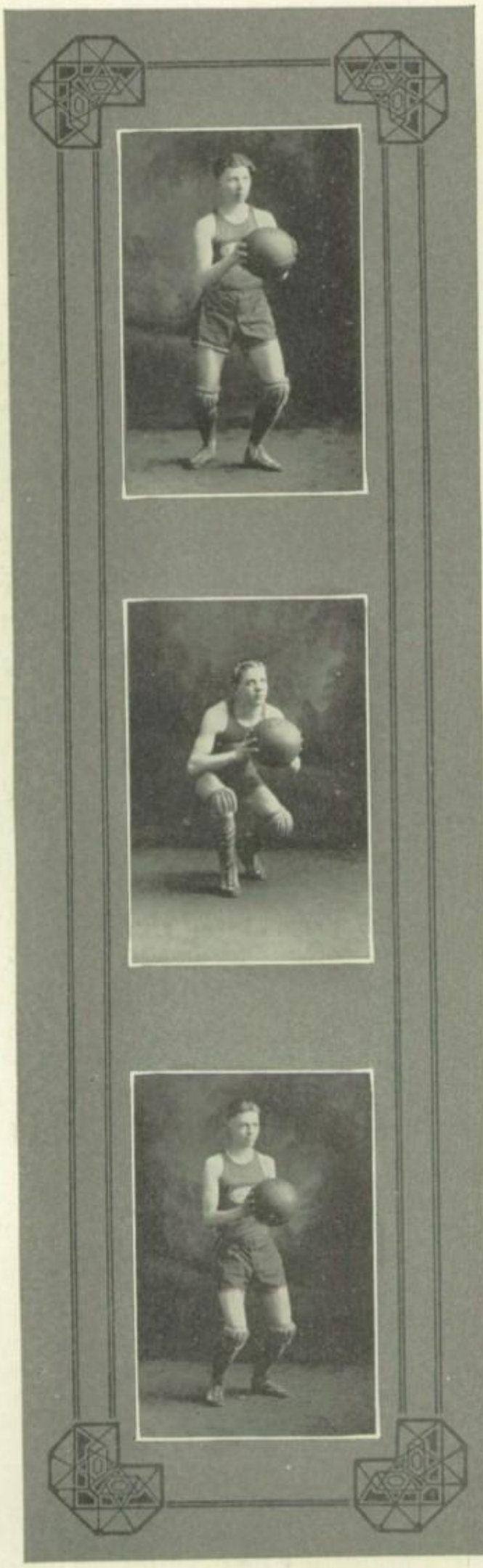
Our organization is a large and flourishing one, having an enrollment of 66 members at present. Recently we had two important acquisitions to our roll when two of our instructors, Mr. Henry Swets and Mr. John De Boer honored us by becoming members of our Association.

The Association takes part in various kinds of activity. Last year it sent a sum of money to the destitute children of Austria. This year it is considering the purchase of lockers, which would be a fine addition to our school.

Now, a word about our Faculty Advisor, Mr. Smitter. We feel very thankful for the assistance and advice he has given us at all times, whenever the club was in need of it, but we were sorry to learn that he must leave us, as he has spent a great deal of his time with the boys.

# MEMBERS OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Baar, Henry
Blystra, Nicholas
Bolhuis, John
Bolt, Anton
Bovenkerk, Gerrit
Clausing, William
De Boer, Ben
De Boer, Harry
De Boer, Mr. J.
De Boer, Louis
De Boer, Peter
Dekker, Albert
De Vries, Gerrit
De Vries, Peter
Dryfhout, William
Dykstra, David
Eldersveld, Harry
Elzinga, Richard
Gaillard, Gerard
Gelderloos, Paul
Haitsma, John
Hamstra, Bernard
Hasper, Aldrich
Hoeksema, Henry
Hoekstra, Conrad
Hoekstra, Cornelius
Hofstra, Oscar
Hoving, George
Huizenga, Peter
Hylkema, Walter
Jacobsen, Otis
Jagersma, Sidney
Kelder, Herman
Kingma, John
Kramer, Francis
Moll, John
Nydam, James
Oldenburger, Rufus
Oosting, Harry
Postema, Henry
Prince, Samuel
Radius, Theodore
Radius, Wilburt
Rudenga, William
Slater, Raymond
Smitter, Mr. C.
Stob, George
Swets, Mr. H.
Ter Maat, John
Teune, John
Van Bruggen, Jacob
Van Hattem, Henry
Van den Burg, Henry
Van der Woude, August
Van Kampen, Abel
Van Kampen, Robert
Van der Molen, Jacob
Van Til, Edwin
Van Til, Sidney
Van Schaardenburg, James
Veldman, Everett
Weidenaar, Robert
Yff, George
Zandstra, Jack



BERNARD HAMSTRA, CAPTAIN
*Forward*

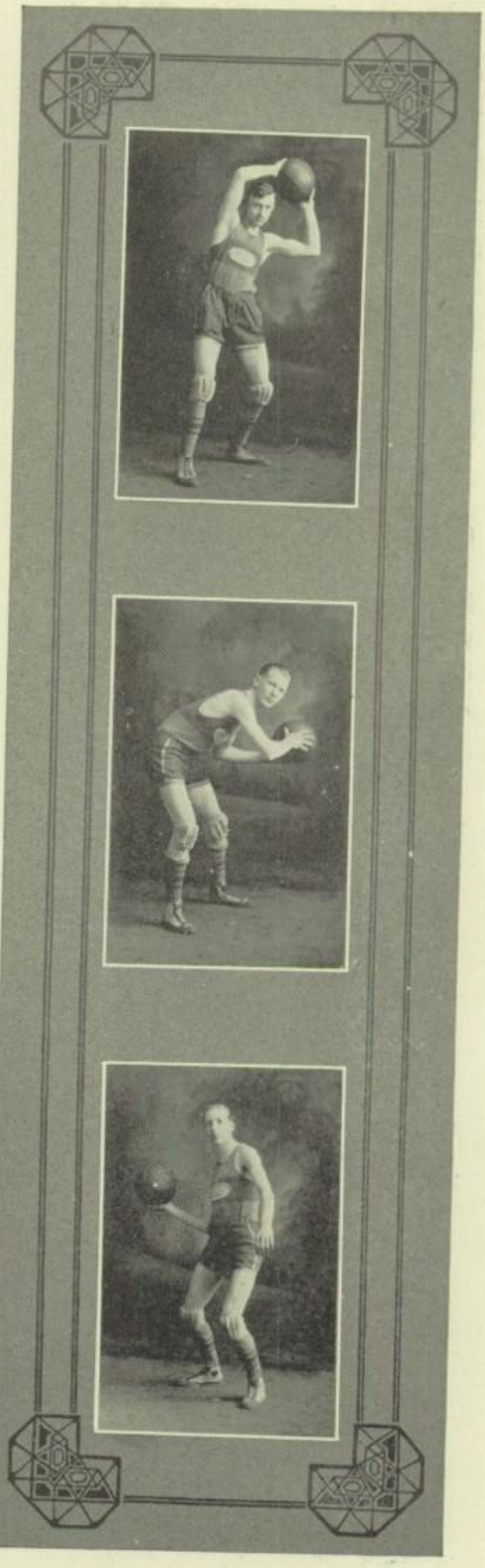
"Bernie". Did you ever see Bernie play? He's always keeping the crowd on their feet. Bernard's graduation is a serious loss to the C. C. H. S. Basketball prospects.

HENRY HOEKSEMA
*Forward*

"Hank" plays the other position as forward. He is responsible for a great share of our points thru his team work with Bernie. His fighting spirit and accurate passing have won many a game.

ROBERT WEIDENAAR
*Center*

"Bob" is our tall center man. With him in as center, our signals are sure to work. He's the one hope for a good center next year. The fans are surely pleased with his playing.



### Ben De Boer
*Guard*

"Boerkie" is our stellar guard. He has stopped many of our opponents' "crack shots" and has dropped several neat baskets from the field. He is also unusually happy after a game, win or lose. (We wonder why?)

### Jacob Van Bruggen
*Guard*

"Jack" is our husky fellow. He'll stop any dribbler that comes along. When you bump into him, you'll know you hit something. Beware of him under the basket!

### John Ter Maat
*Center*

"Cyclone Johnnie" will tire anybody out as his name indicates. He sure can tear down the floor. Bob and Johnnie would take their turn at the center position and every opponent knew he had a man to contend with when he confronted either Johnnie or Bob.

George Stob
*Guard*

When "Stubbie" gets in the game, there sure is action, "wim, wigor, and witality". He will make good material for next year as he is a very dependable chap. Besides being an excellent guard, he is able to play any position on the floor.

Claude Smitter

Henry A. Swets

*Coaches*

"Switter and Smets." Through the earnest efforts and able assistance of Mr. Smitter and Mr. Swets, we were able to develop into a well-organized team. Although five of our regular players are graduating, we are sure our coaches will maintain their good reputation by getting out a first-rate team next year.

# C. C. H. S. BASKETBALL YELLS

A tisket, A tasket,
A small wire basket,
Shoot it in!
Sure we'll win!
Team! Team! Team!

(Nine for the team).
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Team! Team! Team!

## C. C. H. S. LOCOMOTIVE

C. C. H. S. BAS - KET - BALL
C. C. H. S. BAS-KET-BALL
C.C.H.S. BASKETBALL
TEAM! TEAM!
YEA!!

## SPECIAL SONG FOR G. R. GAME

To the tune of "We're Going Over"

We're going over, we're going over,
And we'll play a good clean game,
But we'll beat them just the same;
So watch what we do, so watch what we do,
As we cross to Michigan.
And we'll show those students
What C. C. H. S. can do,
Before we come riding home.

CHI-CRI-HI!
CHI-CRI-HI!
Heads up high, heads up high!
Team! Team! Team!
Yea!

Yell masters:

PETER DE VRIES,
HARRY ELDERSVELD

# OUR TRIP TO MICHIGAN

Undoubtedly the greatest event in local athletics during this school year, and perhaps for some the greatest event in their whole school career, was the successful trip of our basketball team to Michigan, where we encountered the Grand Rapids Christian High and the Holland Christian High quintets.

In the past two years it has been the aim of the Athletic Associations of these two schools and ours to conclude arrangements for a contest to decide which school had the superior basketball team, and it was with great rejoicing that we finally came to an agreement. Our coaches, Mr. Smitter and Mr. Swets, had already communicated with these schools early in the season, but it was not until one fine morning in December that we got a definite answer. A notice on the Bulletin Board calling for a meeting of the basketball team at noon-hour surprised us a bit and aroused our inquisitiveness for it was unusual that we should hold a meeting at that time. Every player was present as soon as classes had been dismissed. The coaches entered and all waited for one to speak. Mr. Smitter began; he dug his hands into his pockets and a faint smile appeared on his countenance which soon broadened into a big smile. He extracted the following telegram which he read to us:

"Grand Rapids will play your Basketball Team on the 27th. Holland on Friday, the 28th. Expenses Guaranteed. Answer."

You can imagine the joy we experienced. A trip to Michigan, two basketball games, and all expenses paid. Oh Baby! Our hilarity found expression in our voices and we made the old building tremble with our yelling.

After a few weeks of intensive practice and strict adherence to training rules, the time approached for our departure. During the Christmas holidays it was with difficulty that we abstained from the luxuries offered us, but this unpleasantness was forgotten in anticipation of our trip.

Thursday morning, Dec. 27, 1923, we were all eager and ready to go. "Cyclone Johnnie" was the first man at the station, an hour and a half before the train was scheduled to leave. The others appeared soon after and to our surprise Mr. K. Hoeksema and two girls of our school were there to travel along and witness the games.

We had a pleasant train ride (some thanks due to Mr. Hoeksema, the girls, and Rev. and Mrs. Pousma whom we met on the train). The train arrived at Grand Rapids a little late but we were all in fine spirits. A reception committee of the students from Grand Rapids Christian High gave us a cordial welcome. After a light lunch the boys drove us per automobile to Franklin Park Community House, where we were to play that evening. A short practice here to limber us up, and from there we went to Mr. Swets' home, where we rested a bit and ate a light supper.

We found the house divided at Mr. Swets' home. A great deal of arguing was carried on by the fair Swets sisters as to who was going to win. One of the young ladies must have been struck by our good looks or urged on by Miss Jonker to cheer for us,—at least the house was divided and we were assured of at least some support in the line of cheering.

The game started about 8 o'clock and was witnessed by a large crowd of people. A write-up of the game itself will be given by Mr. Swets and I will spend no time on writing about it here. The next day the Grand Rapids boys showed us thru Calvin College and brought us to the depot in order to get a train for Holland, Michigan. Here we played the Holland Christian High before another large crowd. After the game some of us went back to Chicago, while the rest stayed with friends. We all had a fine time and we wish to thank the boys in Grand Rapids and Holland for the fine spirit in which they showed us around.

Bernard Hamstra, Capt.

# C. C. H. S.-G. R. C. H. S. GAME

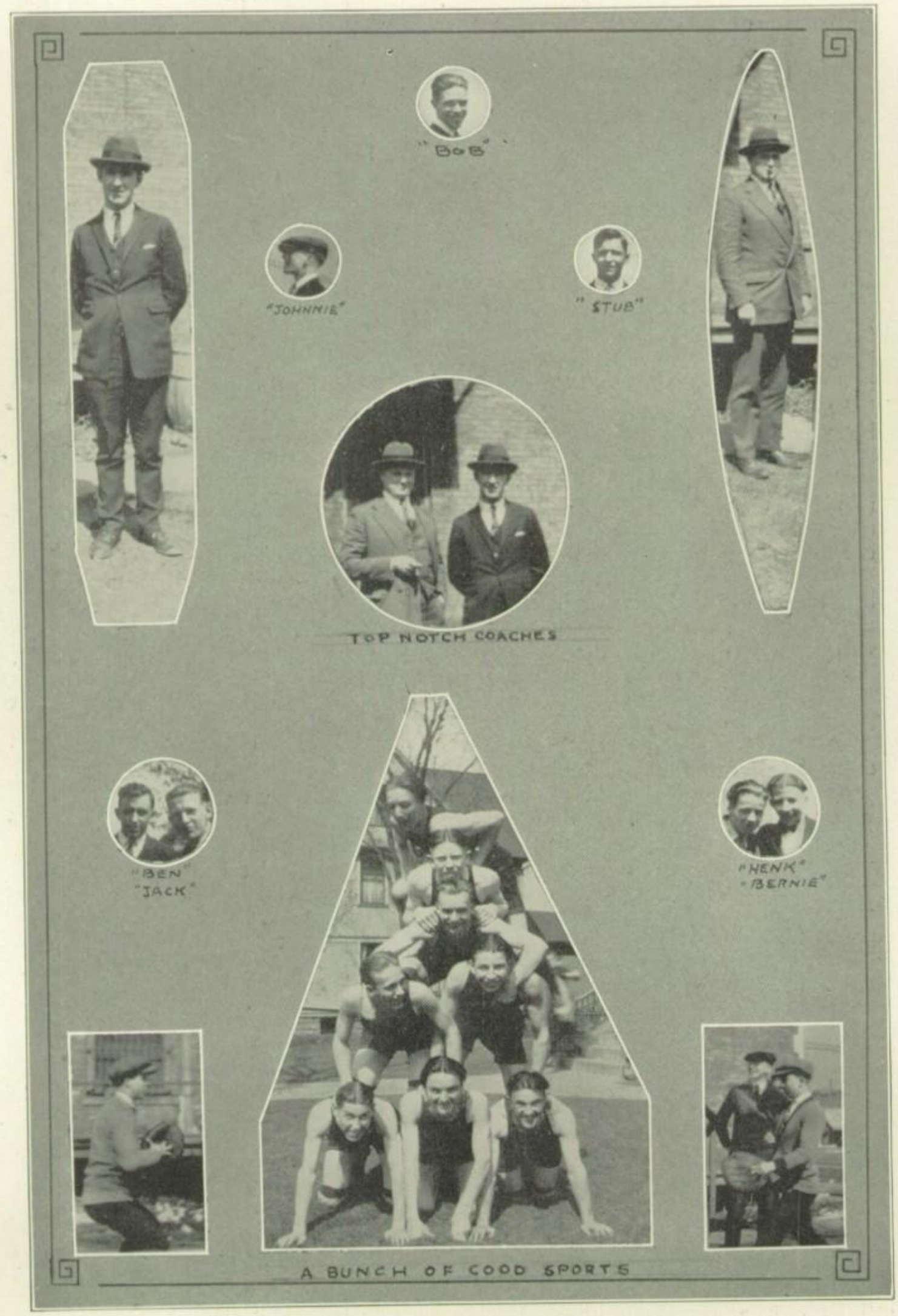
Bernard gave his natural marcel one more loving pat and then dashed on the floor, followed by his gallant team-mates and goaded on by the tumultuous cheering of our five and one-half rooters. In a brief practice the boys "encircled around" and took shots at a basket attached to a swinging board; now and then the ball fell through but it came to be generally agreed upon that the outside of the basket was greater in extent than the inside. Meanwhile the onlookers gazed upon our men and wondered whether there were any more like them in Chicago.

But soon the game began and our team went in to win. Weidenaar again managed to outjump the opposing center and delivered the ball to one of his team-mates. Very early in the game, after some good passwork, Bernard got a basket for us and we were in the lead,—not to lose it all evening.

At the end of the first quarter we were on the long end of a 7-3 score; the half found us leading 11-3; in the third quarter our defense weakened temporarily so that when the whistle blew Grand Rapids had garnered four points, while we had to be satisfied with a gain of one point; the last quarter was a free-for-all, in which both teams showed very good form. But when the game was finally called after an intense struggle, the records showed that Chicago was still in the lead by a 19 to 15 score.

A splendid game it was. It was not so much individual starring as team-work that won for us. The splendid guarding and passing of Ben and Jack in no small measure led to our victory. The floor work of Henry was a pleasure to behold for often he dribbled and dodged through what seemingly was an impregnable defense. After he had gotten through it needed but a swift pass to Bernard and we would have two more points to our credit, for our little forward's shooting was positively uncanny that night. And then, too, Bob played an important part as center in both the offensive and defensive play. Added to this, he made a shot from half-way the floor that took the breath out of us; even he was surprised at his success and has not quit wondering yet how it all came to pass. Is it too much to say that it was a splendid game?

H. A. Swets


"BOB"
"JOHNNIE"
"STUB"
TOP NOTCH COACHES
"BEN"
"JACK"
"HENK"
"BERNIE"
A BUNCH OF GOOD SPORTS

# GAMES PLAYED

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dec. | 4 | Bethany Ref. Church | 15 | C. C. H. S. | 36 |
| Dec. | 18 | Bethany Ref. Church | 10 | C. C. H. S. | 21 |
| Dec. | 22 | C. C. H. S. Alumni | 12 | C. C. H. S. | 32 |
| Dec. | 27 | Grand Rapids Chr. High | 15 | C. C. H. S. | 19 |
| Dec. | 28 | Holland Chr. High | 22 | C. C. H. S. | 13 |
| Feb. | 5 | 3rd Roseland Chr. Ref. Church | 24 | C. C. H. S. | 23 |
| Feb. | 14 | Englewood Flashers | 14 | C. C. H. S. | 46 |
| Mar. | 7 | Pullman Tech. High | 19 | C. C. H. S. | 17 |
| Mar. | 14 | 1st Englewood Chr. Ref. Church | 20 | C. C. H. S. | 51 |
| Mar. | 21 | Pullman Tech High | 25 | C. C. H. S. | 12 |
| Mar. | 25 | Calvin College Glee Club | 19 | C. C. H. S. | 27 |
| Apr. | 4 | Holland Chr. High | 26 | C. C. H. S. | 12 |
| | | Total points of opponents | 221 | Total | 309 |

# ADVENTURES ON A RAINY DAY

A man wearing a derby hat and carrying a cane was seen walking along 69th Street one day. It was a dark day and the sky had all the appearances of a threatening thunder-storm. The man was one who is generally known as a "sheik". He wore patent leather oxfords, bell-bottomed trousers, and all the other adornments of a regular "he-flapper". If you stretched your imagination to the breaking point, you would see a mustache where most people only see a little fuzz which had little resemblance to what it really represented.

Suddenly the man stopped and looked at the sky. At the same time, rain began to fall in large drops and a gust of wind lifted his hat from his head and dropped it on the other side of the street.

A playful puppy decided to eat it, but not liking the first bite, picked up the hat and ran away, with the "sheik" in hot pursuit. The dog dodged under through a Chinaman's legs, dumping clothes all over the sidewalk and knocking the Chinaman down to a sitting posture.

The "sheik" was so intent on capturing his hat, which the dog had now dropped, that he ran right into the Chinaman just as this gentleman was trying to get up, and knocked him over again. It was evident that the Chinaman was saying something, but the "sheik" didn't know what it was for two very good reasons. The first was that he was already a block away chasing his hat, which the wind had blown into a mud puddle; and the second was that the Chinaman was talking in his mother tongue, a language in which the "sheik" was not used to conversing.

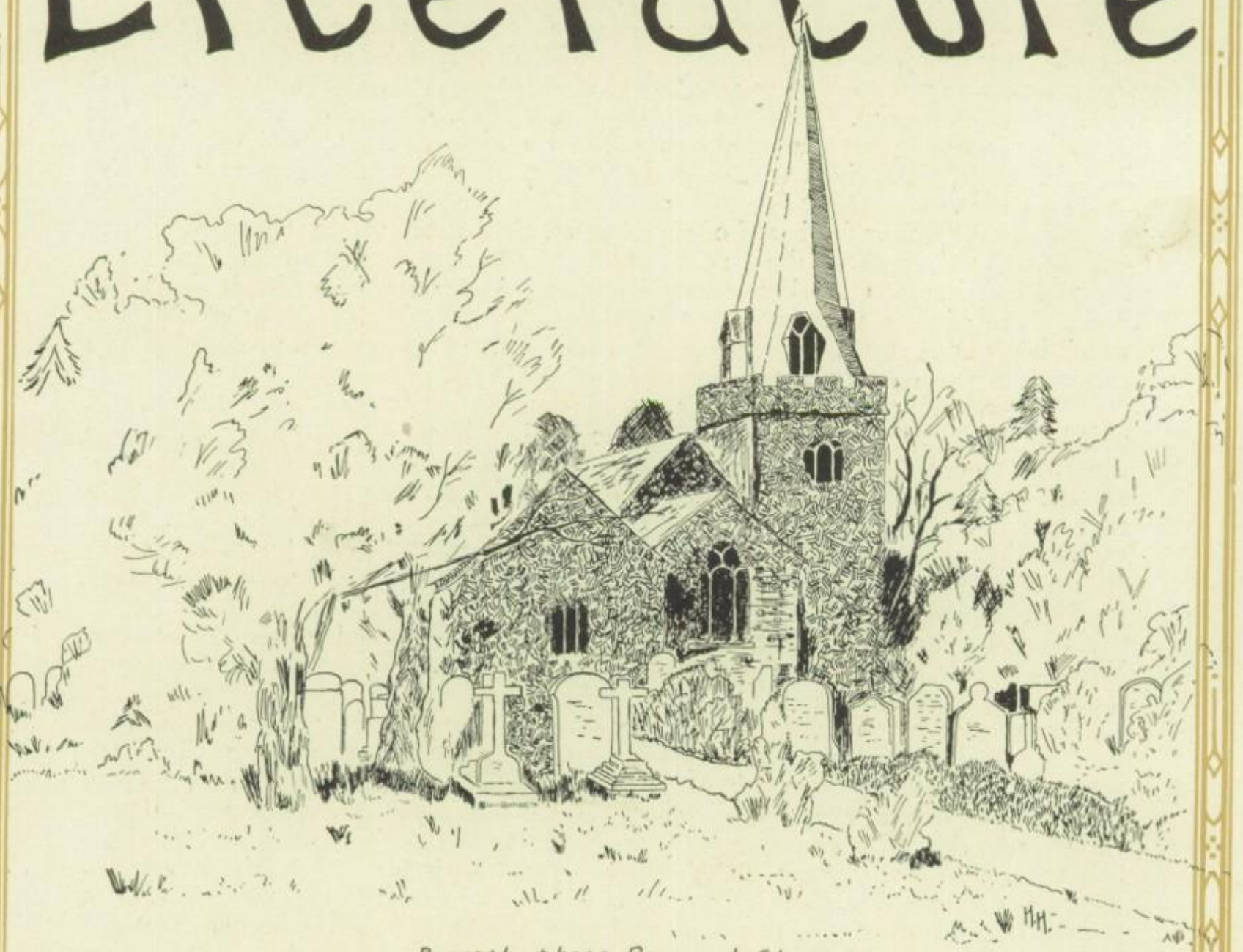
The man had almost picked up his hat when an auto suddenly honked its horn behind him, scaring him so much that he fell over on top of his hat. The auto passed through a puddle close by, liberally spattering dirty water over him and incidentally dirtying his mustache.

This "massage" seemed to cool the young "sheik" for he got up quite deliberately, picked up his hat, looked around for his cane; deciding he could do without it for a few minutes, he made a bee-line for the nearest tailor, hoping that he would not meet any of his young lady acquaintances before he was cleaned up.

Written, revised, edited by

ABEL VAN KAMPEN.

# Literature



Beneath those Rugged Elms

# THE FOUR STRIKERS

The strike on the Denver & Salt Lake City Railroad had been in progress for about a week. But a strike or no strike, nothing could stop Tom Greene from running his engine. Every day since the beginning of the strike he had made his daily run from Denver to Wilmot, a distance of about 100 miles.

Although most of the men who had gone out "on strike" were sober-minded and law-abiding citizens, still there were among them several desperate characters. Some of these men had threatened to give Greene a good thrashing if he did not immediately quit working, and one night as he was on his way home, he was attacked by two men who both wore masks. They struck him on the head with something which looked very much like a piece of gas pipe. The blow stunned him, and he immediately fell to the ground in a heap. He recovered within a few minutes, however, but the masked men were now nowhere to be seen. Greene had, however, recognized them by their voices and had both men arrested the following day.

When their comrades heard of their arrest, they swore vengeance upon Greene and were determined to take his life. Two days after the arrest of their comrades they had their plans carefully worked out for the performance of this desperate deed. Four of them were to go to the water tower near the little town of Dunbar, which was about twenty-five miles west of Denver. Greene's train would have to stop at the water tower to take in water.

They boarded a local which was bound for Dunbar, and arrived there about a half hour before the arrival of the Wilmot train. From Dunbar they walked to the water tower, where they began to look about for a suitable hiding place. After advancing a few hundred yards, they crouched down in the tall grass and shrubbery that grew along the sides of the road, and awaited the approach of the train. Two were stationed on each side of the tracks, for they intended to kill both Greene and his fireman, so as to cover up their escape. Each of them was armed with a long barreled pistol.

It was just 10:30 o'clock that morning as the train stopped at the water tower. When a sufficient amount of water had been taken in, the fireman gave the signal to proceed. He had just filled the boiler with coal and therefore seated himself at the cab window to enjoy the cool morning breeze and to rest for a few minutes from his strenuous labor. Greene was seated at the opposite cab window, smoking his pipe and holding his one hand on the throttle. Just as the train had again gotten fairly under way, the pistols of the four strikers were discharged almost simultaneously. The engineer fell from his seat, and as he fell the weight of his body forced the throttle, which he was holding with his left hand, wide open. He made one effort to raise his body in an attempt to shut off the throttle, but sank helplessly, and in a few seconds he had breathed his last. The fireman had not been seriously wounded. A bullet had merely grazed his temple, but the scare had been so great that he had fallen from his seat. In falling, he struck his head against the grate lever, and remained lying on the engine platform in a state of total unconsciousness.

Owing to the roar of the engine, the passengers had heard nothing of the shooting, and were therefore ignorant of the danger that they were exposed to. The throttle being wide open, the speed of the train began to increase every minute. The conductor, although somewhat surprised at the unusual speed, did not show any signs of anxiety, for he knew that they were approaching the junction of one of the shortline roads and that it would be necessary to stop there in order to throw open the switch. But when they had approached within about a half mile from the junction without any noticeable decrease in speed, the conductor began to suspect that there was something wrong. He pulled the signal cord several times,

but this produced no effect, and the train thundered on over the switch. The great peril of the situation suddenly dawned upon him, for he realized that they were now upon the wrong track and that at any moment they might collide with another train.

But how was he to get to the engine? To climb over the coal tender which was piled high with great lumps of coal meant certain death, for the train was swaying fearfully. The brakemen had also come to the first coach where the conductor was now speaking to some of the passengers, but no one could offer any advice.

Sure death was ahead unless they could manage to stop the train in some way or other. They were now only ten miles from the terminal station, and at the rate that they were going they would be there within a few minutes. The situation was extremely desperate, for the engine still seemed to be gaining in speed. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees flew by in one undistinguished mass. The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the roar of the engine and the crash of the rails.

One of the men suggested uncoupling the engine from the train, but the other men would not hear of this, for although it might have saved them, it meant certain death to others if the engine was allowed to run loose. "If I could only climb over that tender," groaned the conductor.

At that moment a tall young man with blond hair and handsome features stepped forward from among the passengers and calmly said, "I will climb over that tender." The other men tried to dissuade him from taking so great a risk and warned him that it would mean certain death. But he gave no heed to their warnings, and immediately took hold of the railing and began to climb up on the tender. He worked his way over the great lumps of coal carefully but swiftly. The eyes of all the men were riveted on him until he disappeared from their view. They knew not whether he had fallen off or whether he had actually reached the engine.

But their fears were soon set at rest, for within a few seconds a sudden blast of steam was seen to issue forth from the engine and the speed began to decrease. In a few minutes more the brakes were applied and the train came to a complete standstill.

They found the engineer lying dead upon the platform with a bullet through his heart. The fireman was just beginning to recover. When they had carried him into one of the coaches, he told them what had happened, but of course was unable to say who had committed the hideous crime.

The youth offered to run the train back to the point of junction, so as to put the train out of danger of collision. It would also be possible to procure another engineer at that point. His services were gratefully accepted. When the train was finally switched over on the proper tracks, the conductor stepped forward to thank the young man for his gallant services, but to his great surprise he found that the youth had suddenly disappeared. It was later discovered that this young man was no other but Harold Stoneman, son of Frederick H. Stoneman, owner of the Denver & Salt Lake City Railroad.

The four strikers were soon found out. Being known as desperate characters and friends of the two men that had been arrested, they were immediately suspected. The suspicion was confirmed by the testimony of the station agent at Dunbar, who had seen them alight from the train and walk in the direction of the water tower on the morning that the shooting had taken place. Upon searching their dwelling the pistols were found, and as they thus found the evidence strongly against them, they were forced to admit their guilt. They were sentenced to prison for life.

GEORGE YFF.

# THE TREASURE GARDENE

Longe, longe ago, in the yeare 1920, on a bryte, sunnye daye in Septembere, a younge maidene entered the gates of a gardene of whiche she had heard muche and longed to enter.

The name of the maidene was "Studente" and the name of the gardene was "Chicago Christian Hye Schoole". The fame of the gardene had spreade far and wide because of the beautiful floweres whiche grew there, and the treasures whiche were hidden deep in the heartes of these beautiful floweres.

Now the younge maidene had heard so manye tales of this gardene that she looked upon it as a wonderful place, and her face was all alowe with the joye of entering into suche a lovely place.

But when she entered into the gardene, some of the eagerness faded from her face, for the gardene was smalle and manye of the floweres seemed verye ugly to her. She looked upon all the inmates of the gardene and learned their names to be "Sophomores", "Juniors" and "Seniors". She was a "Freshie" and verye strange and alone she felt as she gazed at all the other "Freshies" who had come, as she, to finde the treasure.

Soone the other inmates of the gardene came to her and spoke cheerye words of welcome; and ever as she looked she seemed to see shadowy spirits flitting o'er the gardene. These, she was told, were the guardian spirits of the gardene "Schoole Spirit" and "Schoole Loyaltye".

After a few weeks the inmates of the gardene came to be known as Friendes; and she also became acquainted with the gardeners who were to helpe her in her searche. Their names were "Teacheres" and though they seemed formidable at firste, she soone came to love them and the gardene.

She had come to live in the gardene for four years, after whiche she would enter the wide, wide worlde to use her treasure. But that time seemed verye vague and mistye; and so she studied the floweres verye closely to see if she coulde discover the treasure at once. But, oh, what disappointment awaited her. Some of the floweres suche as English, Algebra and History were not verye different from the floweres whiche she alreadye knew. Others, as Latin and Science, she did not like at all. But as she studied them, she grew to love them and longed to studye those in another parte of the gardene which seemed much more lovelye.

In her second yeare her name was "Sophomore" and now she had the privilege of welcoming other "Freshies" as inmates of the gardene and helping them as others had helped her. Alreadye—although she did not knowe it she had come nearer to her treasure, as she began to live the spirit of the gardene "Live for others". But oftene she became discouraged, and then the "Teacheres" who were her friendes encouraged her to go on.

The next yeare she became a "Junior" and then there were manye gaye times in store for her and her Classmates. Oftene, also, they talked verye seriously of the "Treasure" and how they should use it when they left the sheltered gardene for the wide worlde. The floweres whiche she was studying now were muche larger and more difficult..... As yet she had not founde her treasure but deep downe in the heartes of the floweres she could see a fainte glimmering and she studied diligentlye and welle.

But when she was a "Senior" reallye one of those superiore inmates upon whom she had looked in awe when she entered the gardene she founde that in her heatre of heartes she woulde gladlye have changed places with one of the "Freshies" who looked upon her as she had looked longe, longe ago.

And ever as she neared the time when she muste leave the gardene and its loved inmates—and the time sped more quicklye than ever before—she felt a tug at her hearte and a stronge desire to remain in the gardene. But she knew now that the she muste leave the gardene, for she had founde her treasure.

And she knew now that the onlye waye to keep her treasure bryte and shining, was to tell others of the beautiful thinges she had founde in the heartes of the floweres. She knew, now, that she muste alwayes use her "Education" in the service of others. Then it would become more and more beautiful as time wente on.

So the time came when she muste leave the gardene forever, but even as she went, after one backward glance, she grasped her "Diploma" in her hande and wente eagerlye into the worlde.

GERALDINE DEKKER.

## THE SHEIKS AND SHEBAS OF OUR C. C. H. S.

Hear ye! Hear ye! We, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby propose (no, no, girls, this is leap year) to discant, expound and make harangue upon certain individuals who have made themselves worthy of brief attention.

When we behold the sheik of sheiks, Mr. Fakkema, we invariably cry out, "Oh, inspiration, where are You?", for here certainly is a sheik the mere sight of which is enough to make the spectator open his mouth wide in awe and admiration. Those Harold Lloyd binoculars are at this very moment the latest and most artistic development in style at Maxwell St. The collar betrays an absolutely individualistic taste. It is different in this respect; namely, that it serves a utilitarian purpose besides being an article of ornamentation. Its extreme height enables the wearer to keep his head erect at all times and under all circumstances. The third article of dress that has gained for Mr. Fakkema the title of "Sheik of Sheiks" is his neckwear. Although he has outgrown the "King Tuts" and "Slim Jims" a close observer will find that our sheik makes use of almost every other style and variety. We can assure you that our cheif is a perfect model. But of what? What shall we say? "Say it with flowers" says the florist.

But Mr. Fakkema is not the only member of our faculty who has deserved the title of "Sheik". We are thinking particularly of Messrs. De Boer and Holkeboer. These two gentlemen conspired together to take the school by storm, both of them appeared one fair morning with wing collars about their cranial swivel. The class stood aghast at the action of Mr. Holkeboer's adam apple, which was made unusually conspicuous by this latest innovation. They were filled with apprehension lest this rapid action should set free the cider. But when nothing of the kind took place, they became more bold and the following afternoon several of them appeared with collars of the wing variety.

But wait, gentle reader, we pray thee tarry but a moment longer while we expound unto you the glory of yet another of our sheiks who very well deserves this name. We speak of none other than the most illustrious Mr. John Teune. His shirt doth proclaim him to have had some intimate connection with the beloved boys of Uncle Sam, whether that has been in the regiments or the more fleeting connection in the Army Goods store we do not care to say. But this we do say: that it gives him a noble appearance which we verily believe is in strict accordance with his character. His tie, we must admit, has always been of the modest sort, so we'll make little mention of it; but he combs his hair the good old dutch way.

Before we close our dissertation on the sheiks, we must beg you to bear with us for a few moments longer while we expound to you the unquestionable merits of Mr. Edwin Van Til's apparel. Not wishing to tax your patience to the breaking point, we will merely stop to describe the most outstanding features of this worthy gentleman's trappings; namely, his head gear. His pate covering which has here-to-fore been of the humble cake-eater variety has now been abandoned for one of a louder sort. He now appears unto us as a living advertisement for the Checker Cab Co.

Among our shebas, Sarah Kickert reigns supreme. She has no more aspirations for fur coats, spring coats, new bonnets, necklaces, red lips, rosy cheeks and whatever else a 20th century belle may covet; for she has a complete stock of all these articles of feminine ornamentation; but we were to forget the crowning feature of all her dress and ornamentation if we should neglect to mention her hair which is put up according to the manner and custom of the belles of South Holland. Truly, we must say that the Queen of Sheba in all her glory is in no way comparable to the queen of our C. C. H. S.

Time and space does not permit us to exhaust completely the voluminous list of shebas, but among this category there is one who we must not fail to mention; namely, Ida Kingma. With the crest of a marcel wave; a multiplicity of frocks, as multitudinous as the sands of the sea as to their number, and outnumbering the hues of the rainbow as to their color; a pair of ear pendants, said pendants dangling from her artfully concealed auditory appendages; and a variety of other accountrements for the carrying on of the feminine art, which only their fertile imaginations are in any way capable of conjuring up; supplemented by a winsome smile that verily approaches nigh unto a grin; equipped with these, we say that this heroic damsel has set forth to conquer the world. Verily she doth cry out loud in defiance of any one who is smaller than herself. In these trappings she forsooth vies with the latest styles set forth in the fashion page of "Onze Toekomst".

## THINGS THAT SHOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED

Throwing erasers just as Mr. Fakkema enters.

Jen dropping her powder puff on the stage in the dialogue.

Forgetting to erase pictures drawn on the blackboard after school.

Alice using her Dad's shaving cream instead of her tooth paste.

One of our "graceful" masculine waiters spilling soup upon an unfortunate teacher at the C. C. T. A. meeting—February '23.

Jerry burning her foot by stepping in hot ashes at Miller, Indiana, on Decoration Day '23.

A puncture occurring to one of Mr. Smitter's tires on 95th Street, forcing us to ride home very gently (?) on the rim.

George Yff's cap flying out of the train window on the way to school, causing him to be a hatless doctor the remainder of the day.

Davie suspended for breaking a fixture with a slug.

Jen ripping "Stubbie's" coat while playing "dry" wink at the B. B. team party.

Baseball's landing in a neighbor's yard.

Etta's marcel disappearing before her picture is taken.

Mr. Swets tearing the knee of his trouser in a tumble on a rainy day.

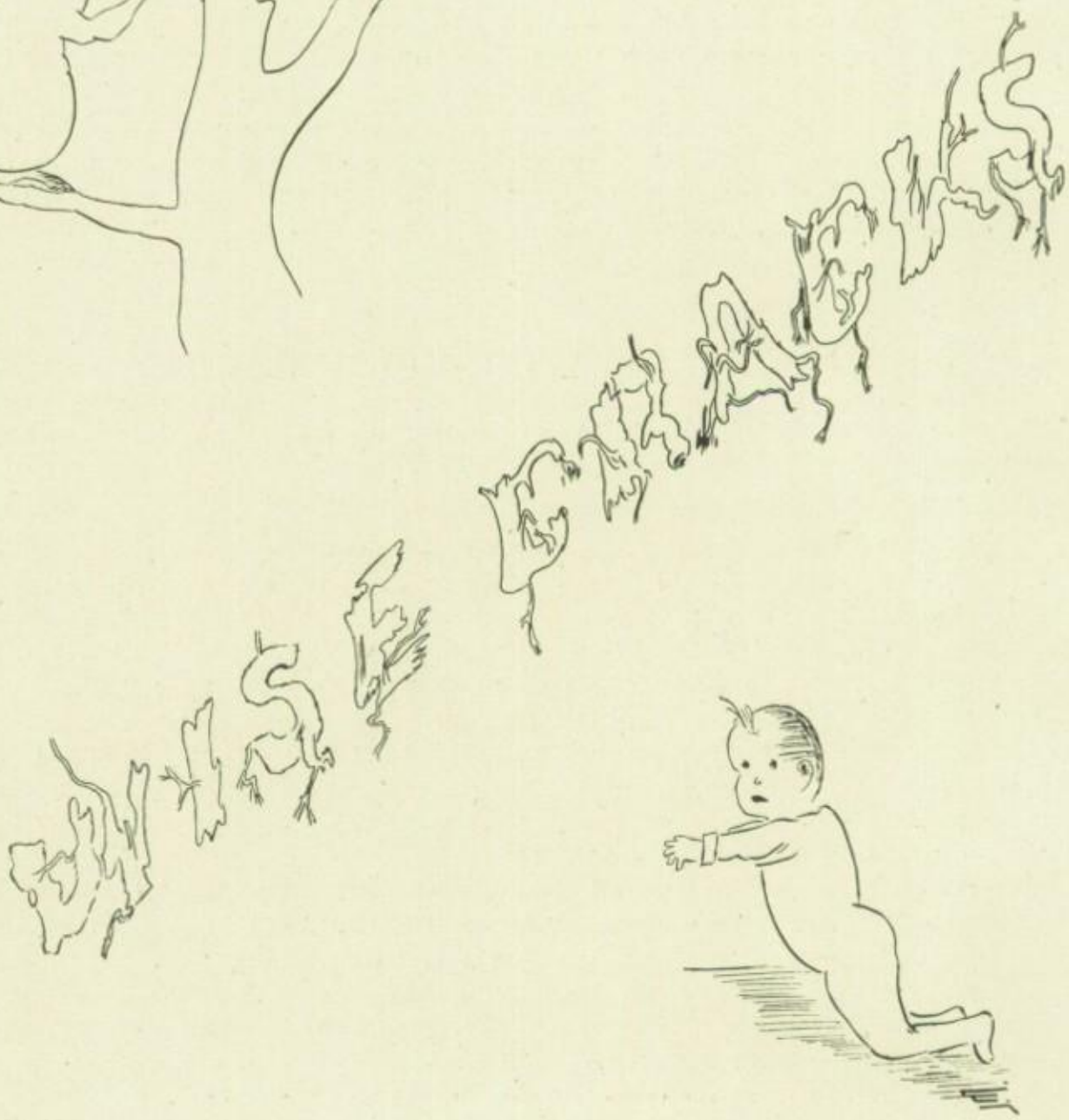
Discovered in Room 6—what? Ask Mollie.

Benches collapsing in assembly, causing wild scrambles, disturbance of the program, laughter from witnesses and a frown from Mr. Fakkema.

Cooky caught in the dark—eating cookies.

Miss Hammekool entering the washroom when some girls are taking refuge there, while ditching class.

Removing a rat from the trap in Room 6 in the presence of girls.



## LOGIC

The Commercial Law class had been inquiring as to when they would receive their papers.

Anna M.—"We'll get them when elephants roost on trees."

Mr. Smitter—"Did you ever see them do it?"

Anna—"No."

Mr. Smitter—"They do when the trees fall."

## ARISTOCRATIC

Angeline N.—"Cora, where's your typewriting book?"

Cora—"In the 'Royal' drawer."

Don't be a carbon copy of someone else, make your own impression.

## AND PLENTY OF THEM

Mr. Holkeboer—"Is there electricity in the body?"

Class—"Yes."

Mr. Holkeboer—"Why of course, when you stroke a man's fur the wrong way in the dark, you can see sparks."

## MISTAKEN IDENTITY

He. Kramer stumbling in front of Alice V. H.

Alice—"What are you trying to do, propose?"

Henrietta—"No, I'm Henrietta, not Bernie."

## AH! BEAUTY

Mr. Smitter—"I'd like to have all the good-looking girls around me in the front, but then I'd have to put three in a seat, and no one would be sitting in the back seats."

Nellie—"That would leave plenty of room for you."

## AND A SERIOUS ONE

Ben De Boer—"The only definite answer I received as to my inquiry concerning baby pictures of the graduates, was of myself—but that really belongs in the joke department."

## SOME VICINITY—BUT?

Mr. Swets—"Is there any ice in Athens?"

John K.—"No, there is too much Greece." (grease)

A really witty man never laughs at his own jokes, it isn't necessary.

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## KNOW YOUR PLACE

Joe—"Say I'd like to try that suit on in the window."
Boots—"Sorry sir, but you'll have to use the dressing room."

It's easier to be honest than crooked, there's less competition.

A grammatical point to remember—"Hens set and lay—folks sit and lie."

## SWETS' LAW OF DISCOVERY

"This is quite the cow's hip," said Mr. Swets as he bit into the steak.

Kindness—"A language which the dumb can speak and the deaf can understand."

## REAL PURPOSE

De Vries—"Where's the cashier? Gone for a rest?"
Oosting—"No, to avoid it."

## HEIGHT OF LAZINESS

A fellow who gets up at five in the morning so he'll have more time to loaf.

A smile has more than its face value.

## A SLIP IN ENGLISH

Geo. Yff—"When do we get our tails (tales) back?"

Conrad—"What do you expect to be when you get out of school?"
Neil—"An old man."

Keep your temper, nobody else wants it.

## WHO PUT IT OUT?

How come that street light is so pale?
Oh! it was out all night.

A canner, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny,
"A canner can can
Anything that he can;
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

Mr. Fakkema—"Say Doctor, what's a good cure for insomnia?"
Doctor—"Why, counting to 1000 is said to be a good remedy."
Mr. Fakkema—"Yes, that's what they all tell me, but my baby's too young to count."

## EXPLAIN, JIM

James Van S.—"I believe only what I can see."
Mr. Sietsema—"Have you any brains?"
James—"Of course."
Mr. Sietsema—"How's that, you can't see them?"

# *Here's Values*

## 2-pants Suits

They'd be great values with a single pair of trousers, but what a saving with the extra pair!

The young man of today demands correct styles—we see to it that in addition he gets good fabrics and good workmanship. No wonder this store has grown to be the largest on the South Side of Chicago!

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**$25.00** **$29.50**

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## DEMAND AND SUPPLY

Peter H.—"Louis what are lice?"
Louis D. B.—"Search me.'

Turn that NO and go ON.

## IF THEY ONLY WOULD

Mr. De Boer—"After you have limited the subject for your composition, what do you do next?"
Jacob V. D. M.—"Start to write."

Is your head a hair farm?

## SAFETY FIRST

Richard—"What are you so busy about, Harry?"
Harry—"I'm making a list of all the fellows I can fight."
Rich—"Have you got my name there?"
Harry—"You bet I have, it's the first one."
Rich (Rolling up his sleeve)—"Say, Harry, I can fight you."
Harry—"Is that so?"
Rich—"That's what I said."
Harry—"All right, off goes your name from the list."

Be a spark plug, start something.

## MEAT HAS ITS BENEFITS

Seeing that Richard works in the butcher shop, Margaret is beginning to like meat more and more.

An egotist is an "I" specialist.

## AIR—HOT AND PLENTIFUL

Raymond S.—"It's too hot here."
Theodore R.—"Your hot air would make anybody hot!"

Great men see where small men sigh.

## USUAL INTELLIGENCE

Mr. Holkeboer—"What happens when you heat something?"
William D.—"It gets hot."

One who butts in is usually the goat.

## REDUCED VALUATION

Mr. Smitter—"Joe, it's about time you're studying."
Joe—"I'm studying for all I'm worth."
Mr. Smitter—"I wouldn't tell everyone how little I'm worth, if I were you."

You can't drive a nail with a sponge no matter how hard you soak it.

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## THE APPENDICS

"What part of the body is the fray, Mr. Sietsema?"
"Fray, what are you talking about?"
Edwin—"This book says that Ivanhoe was wounded in the fray."

Be a live wire and you won't be stepped on.

A has-been is a person whose coat shines and whose shoes don't.

## EVIDENCE CIRCUMSTANTIAL

Chris.—"Mr. Smitter, Walter has my book."
Walter—"I know nothing."
Mr. Smitter—"How well we realize the fact."

If you can't smile, imitate someone who can.

Geo.—"Man, but my overcoat is hot."
Henry—"Why don't you take it off and cool it?"

Success comes in CAN'S; not in CANT'S.

Mr. Sietsema—"What important thing has the Reclamation Bureau done?"
Geo. Stob—"It has irrigated dry lands."

The school of experience stays open all night.

An apple sat on a railroad track,
He looked very much at a loss,
A train came roaring round the track,
Toot, toot, apple sauce.

Mr. De Boer asked in debating class for some figures of speech.
John T. responds—"Metamorphosis."

Don't be so narrow minded that your ears rub.

Sidney—"Mr. Swets, when do we get our maps back?"

I'd rather be a Could Be
If I could not be an Are,
For a Could Be is a May Be
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far,
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Have Been was once an Are.

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BARBARIANS

Richard E.—"What are dragoons?"
Mr. Swets—"Soldiers."
Richard—"I thought that they were dragons, because it says, 'They quartered them among the Hugenots'."

TICKLING SENSATIONS

Ada—"Oh! I had a terrible fright yesterday, a black spider ran up my sleeve!"
Henry Baar—"That's nothing, I had a sewing machine run up the seam of my trousers."

LOCKER ROOM PHILOSOPHY

Geo. Yff—"We know one thing about death."
Walter—"And what's that?"
Geo.—"It is always fatal."

COMMERCIAL COMPARISONS

Cookie is short,
Karsie is tall,
Jeanette is big,
And Chris is small.

PRESENCE OF MIND

Hilda—"Oh, Margy, I was caught in a fire in the building next door."
Margy—"How were you saved?"
Hilda—"Oh, I went to the window and watched the fire escape."

DICTION

Della—"Did you hear the story about the peacock?"
Ben—"No."
Della—"It's a beautiful tale." (tail)

A woman is as old as she looks but a man is old when he stops looking.

ALAS

Mr. Swets—"Who can tell me in what battle Gen. Wolfe was killed?"
Albert D.—"I think it was his last."

Uusually the fellow who thinks he is the whole cheese is at least a piece of it.

PERPETUAL MOTION

Paper makes money,
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## ECHOES FROM THE GIRL'S ROOM

Hey, kid, let me use your puff, a second, will you?
Oh, look at all the coats on the floor.
We need a towel; this one is so wet!
Where's a comb, my hair looks terrible!
Please pick up the coats when you throw them down.
It's a wonder you wouldn't move from that mirror once.
I'm next on the soap.
There goes the tardy bell and I look a fright.
Howd'ya expect me to get at my locker when you're right in front of it?
Oh, Gri! What do you want, Glad?
Here comes Miss Hammekool, and my locker looks like a pig's pen.
No wonder the locker room is crowded, Lucy's in here.

## WELL KNOWN TRADE-MARKS

Bag of salted peanuts
Checked cap
Sunshiny smile
Basketball star
Wise knowing grin
Pinchers put on and removed
Rosy cheeks
Red hat
Ice Cream Cone
Giggle

## IMPOSSIBILITIES

Mr. Smitter without peanuts.
Alice Van H. with bobbed hair.
Miss Hammekool growing taller.
George Yff not eating an apple in the hall during noon hour.
Mr. De Boer reciting a poem without quoting his favorite expression: "Here is a bit of rare literary beauty.'
Jerry "loafing on the job".
Mr. Fakkema unwilling to assist the students in their work.
Tracy Folgers not playing her level best in Basketball.
Mr. Holkeboer going without his daily noon hour walk.
Geraldine Huisinga and Ellen Boerema not giggling.
Mr. Swets not giving a written recitation every day.
Jeltena without dimples.
Mr. Sietsema unprepared to lead the singing in assembly.
Walter H. unable to crack a joke.
Mr. Dykema being in school without giving a cheering word and a friendly smile to every student.

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PHOTOGRAPHER

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## ABSENT

Mr. De Boer—"Have I all the absentees?"
Peter D. V.—"No, they're all at home."

Many are dead but they won't lie down.

## DUMB

Miss Hammekool—"We cannot create, we can only transform."
Paul G.—"Well, Mr. Fakkema said we always create a disturbance."

He who can bottle up his temper is a corker.

## WOMEN OR LADIES—WHICH?

Mr. Swets—"Walking was so pleasant that women did it every day!"
Angeline—"Why the exclamation mark, Mr. Swets?"
Mr. Swets—"Well, women used to be ladies and couldn't go out in bad weather."

Why freight a ton of words to express a spoon of thought.

## POOR CHAP

Jack V. B.—"All my nieces are girls."

If you have an hour to spare, don't spend it with someone who hasn't.

## EXPLAINED

Mr. Smitter—"What is the Statute of Frauds, Cora?"
Cora—"Rule to prevent frauds."
Mr. Smitter—"Any fool would know that."
Anna—"That's why she made that remark."

Men are not what they think they are, they are what they think.

## HE KNOWS

Mr. Holkeboer—"The way of the transgressor is hard."
Peter D. B.—"Experienced?"

When a man is wrapped up in himself he makes a mighty small package.

## WE WONDER!!

Grace P.—"Does Miss Hammekool play the violin?"
Henrietta—"I don't know."
Grace—"Well, I saw her with a beau (bow) the other night."

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BING-BANG

I'm working hard to get ahead
To her dad she murmured sadly,
I'm glad to hear it, he replied,
You surely need it badly.

SILENCE

Some of the boys were talking while Mr. De Boer had his back turned.
Mr. De Boer—"All those who are not listening, please be quiet."

The man who thinks he is hard boiled usually is only half baked.

MY KINGDOM FOR A SET OF WINGS

English class discussing the following sentence—"When men have trouble, they can take the wings of morning and fly away."
Mr. De Boer—"Why cannot women do this?"
Wallie—"Because they have no wings."
Mr. De Boer—"Then probably that accounts for our tale bearers."

Anyone can catch a bouquet but it takes a good man to stop a brick.

MORE HAIL

One of the science papers read as follows—"We inhail oxygen and outhail carbondioxide."

George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were both born on holidays.

NOT ELIGIBLE

Gladys V.—"Mr. Smitter, Anna wants you."
Mr. Smitter—"Well, she can't have me."

INSPIRATION

Hilda was reciting in Com'l Law class—"Persons mentally incompetent are, intoxicated, spendthrifts, and????"
Mr. Smitter—"Look at Gertrude." (Waving her hand for a recitation).
Hilda—"Oh, that's right, insane."

There are too many cranks in this world and not enough self starters.

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I started out with nothing,
But I've always saved a part,
So now I have a lot of it,
The same as at the start.

Success always comes as a conquest—not as a bequest.

## DETECTED!

Cook trying to fix a bench.
Cook—"A screw is loose and I'm trying to put it in."
Mr. Smitter—"I thought there was a screw loose somewhere."

Mr. Smitter—"Florence, when you finish scrubbing the floor with your dress, please sit down."

Inspiration without perspiration is merely dissipation.

## OLD ALIBI

Mr. Holkeboer—"There must be something wrong with the time at noon hour. I set my watch with the school clock every noon and yet I get in late from lunch."

Don't oversleep if you want your dreams to come true.

Miss Hammekool—"Have you any typists that are not busily engaged?"
Mr. Smitter—"Yes, take Christine. She is performing the useless task of entertaining Jack Van Bruggen."

Wise people sometimes change their minds—fools never do.

## WE THOUGHT SO

Christine (Noticing a scratch on Jack Zandstra's arm)—"Look what the cat did!"
Gladys V.—"That's what I did."

The surest way to become hard up is to take things easy.

## OUT OF PROPORTION

Cora—"Gertrude, you can never be all right."
Gertrude—"What's the matter with me?"
Cora—"Because you're half left."

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## PET SAYINGS

| | |
|---|---|
| Buikema, M. | My stars! |
| Bulthuis, C. | Oh, youse crazy kids |
| Cook, F. | Oy fadda |
| De Vries, R. | Aw cut it out |
| Dryfhout, C. | Can you beat it? |
| Jousma, G. | For Pete's sake |
| Karsen, A. | I'll say so |
| Kingma, I. | Well I'll be |
| Kramer, C. | Huh! huh! what's the matter? |
| Muller, A. | Och heden |
| Oosting, H. | 'Smatter? |
| Postema, H. | Oh, Smitter |
| Sterenberg, H. | Wait awhile |

A tutor who tooted a flute
Tried to teach two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tooter,
"Is it harder to toot, or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

There was a young man from the city,
Who met what he thought was a kitty.
He gave it a pat
And said, "Nice little cat!"
And they buried his clothes without pity.

In good looks I am not a star,
There are others more lovely by far;
But my face, I don't mind it,
Because I'm behind it,
It's the people in front that I jar.

## WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF

Jeanette Van Kuiken had Cooky's head or if John Ter Maat had Davie's head?
Mr. Holkeboer wore pinchers?
Lucy had to stay for "extra session"?
The kids could tell Anna and Etta apart?
Rufus wore long jeans and Mr. De Boer wore short ones?
Bernie had Jack V. B.'s hair?
Sarah didn't look happy?
Mr. Smitter forgot to visit Jim's Ice Cream parlor at noon for his little smoke?
Ellen and Jerry didn't practice leap year tactics?
Mr. Fakkema had a pomp?
Cats and dogs were our victims in "Lab"?
Miss Hammekool had bobbed hair?

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## OH! BUT HE'S BEYOND THE THREE MILE LIMIT

Planetary Gossip (Venus to Saturn over the celestial back fence)—"Didn't you hear what happened to old Sol the other day?"

Saturn—"Why no. What happened to him?"

Venus—"He was pinched for making moon shine!"

Better to remain silent and thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt.

## LOOK OUT, TYPISTS

"Two fellows were stealing chickens."

Lucy—"What kind?"

While praying to be delivered from a temptation don't peep at it through your fingers.

## SOMEONE HAD PITY

Mr. Smitter—"Girls usually flock around uniformed men or soldiers."

Anna Karsen—"Were you ever a soldier, Mr. Smitter?"

Mr. Smitter—"Certainly."

Anna—"Oh, I always wondered how you got a wife."

## SLIGHT MISTAKES

"The people all lived in tribes."

"They did not have a centralized government."

"He first grouped them by tens."

"He conquered Hellspot."

"He got a fever."

"Alexander is a man which has a noble and worthy career."

"His predecessor was murder."

"He received an arrow in the back of his neck and into his ribs which fatally wounded him. After much suffering Alexander recovered but his last days were suberstious."

"The distinction between barion and barbarion was put away."

"Weath which former was great was demolished."

"Everyone who piped against Robespierre was executed."

"He became the duck of Prussia."

"They were very selfish and immortality was also common."

"Elysium was one of the famous dramatists of Greece."

## USE HERPICIDE

In Citz.—"Why do men get bald and not women?"

Oscar—"Men think more than women."

Katie—"Oh, no! Hair doesn't grow on sawdust."

Beauty may draw us by a single hair but after marriage she is liable to grab a whole handful.

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## ONLY NATURAL

(Making ready for a candy sale.)
Alice Van H.—"Does anybody know what kind of candy the boys like?"
Florence—"Kisses."

## A HOT ONE FOR HEINIE

Mr. Dykema asked Della to look on the window sill if any of her pencils or rulers were there.

She replied—"No use, I have but one ruler."
Walter—"Here he comes now," to which George adds, "The poor stick."

## WAITING FOR THE ZERO HOUR

Every time Mr. Smitter looks in his record book for a long time, Harry knows it's his turn to recite. You see, it takes Mr. Smitter so long to count all the zeros.

## WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

Chris—"Oh, Mr. Smitter, my hands are so cold!"
Mr. Smitter—"That's too bad. You'll have to wait until tonight."

## IN SHORTHAND

Every time Mr. Smitter is dictating about the moonlight, Cora always asks him to repeat it.

## TRUTH WILL OUT

Mr. Sietsema—"Where there's a will there's a way."
August—"I never heard that before."
Mr. Sietsema—"I believe it."

## ASK NICK

Nick Blystra—"Is the nucleous attached to the body?"
Mr. Holkeboer—"No."
Nick—"Well doesn't he ever lose it?"

## BY GONE DAYS

Gert chewed clips.
Studying Civics with Mr. Bossenbroek.
Bobbed hair was considered a crime.
Gert got all the imperfect books.
The typewriters' keys had letters on them.
We had to pull a rope to ring the bell.
We held our music class in the gym.
We didn't have to worry about red cards.
There were no post-graduates at school.
Mr. Smitter was penmanship teacher.
Richard D. V. sat between two girls in Shorthand Class.
Our Friday afternoon programs were held in Room 4.
You had to apologize and didn't mean it.
When Grace, Gladys and Christine were without glasses.

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